

NO. 5
DEC.
10¢

STARS and STRIPES COMICS



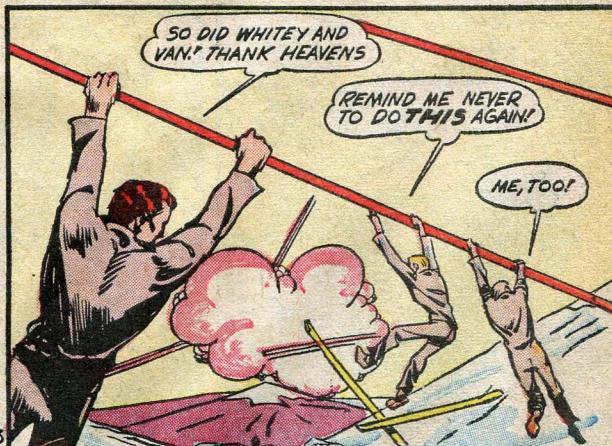
WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



The STARS and STRIPES

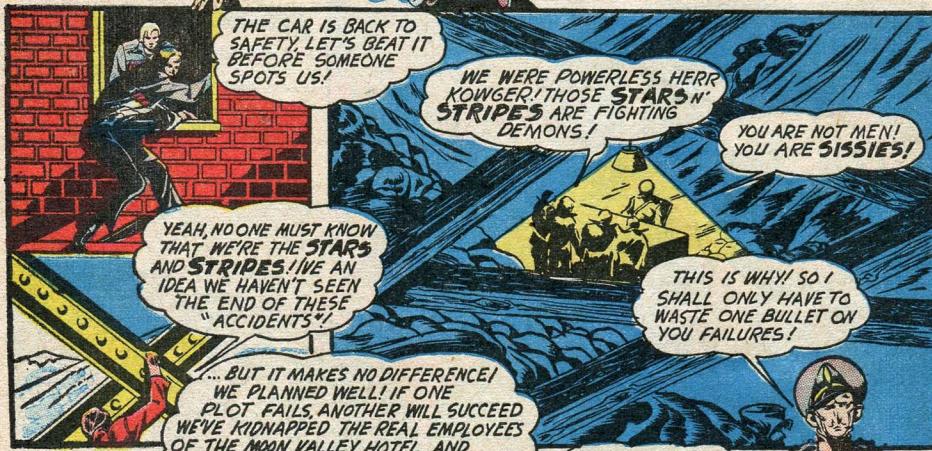


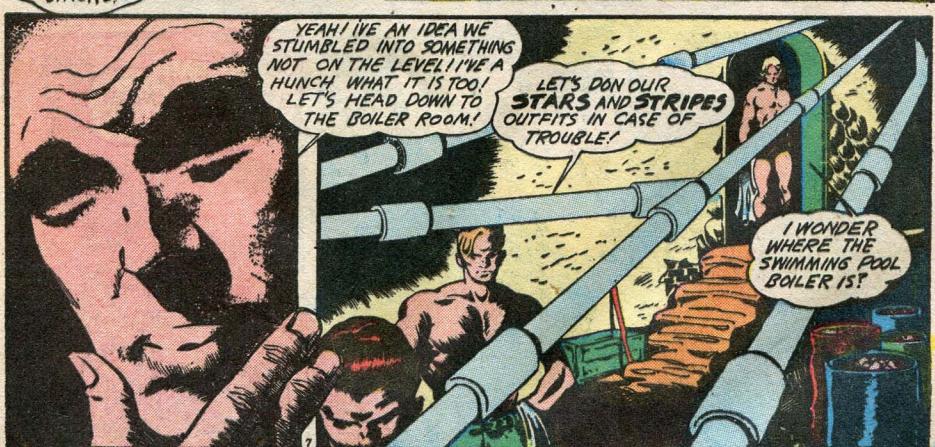


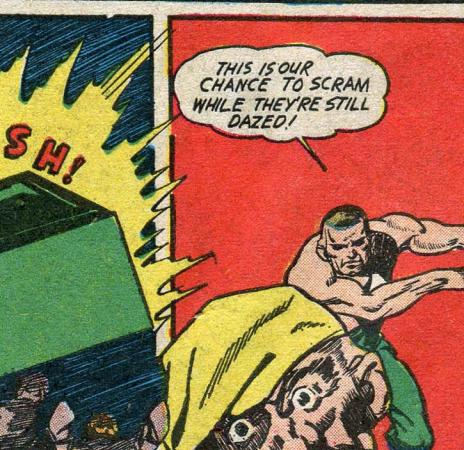
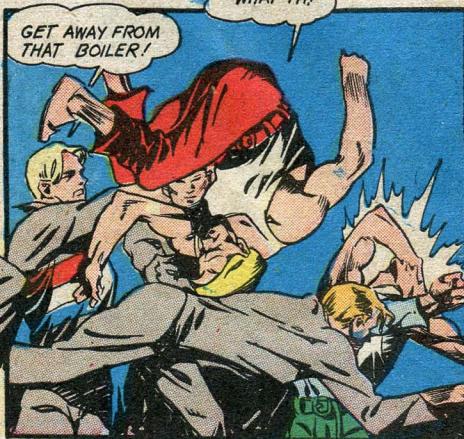
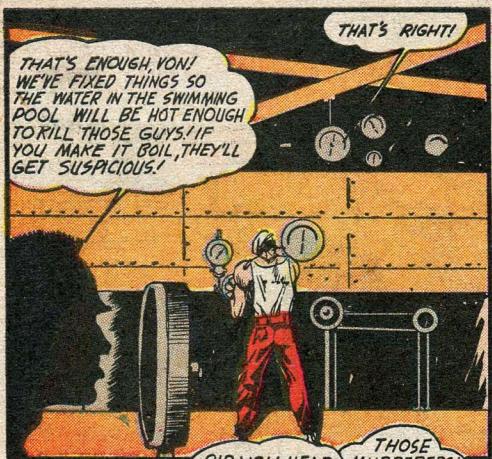


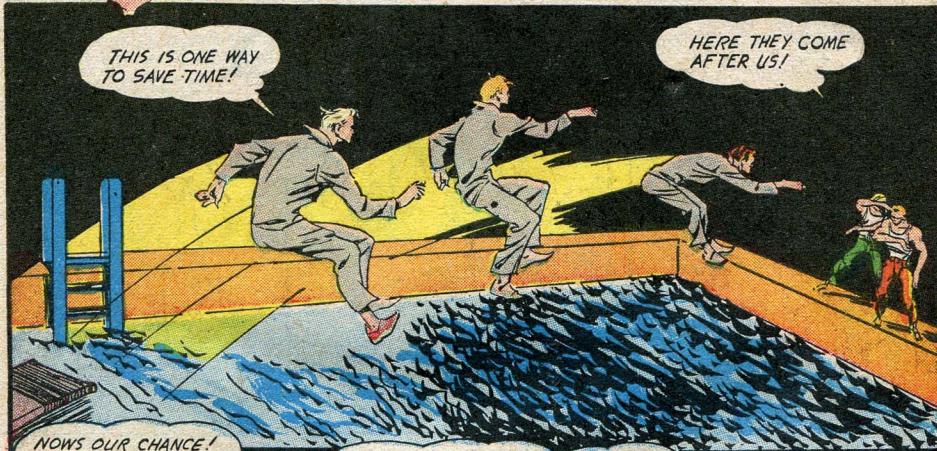
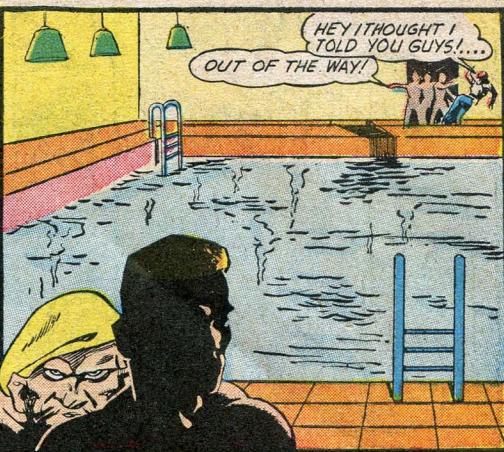


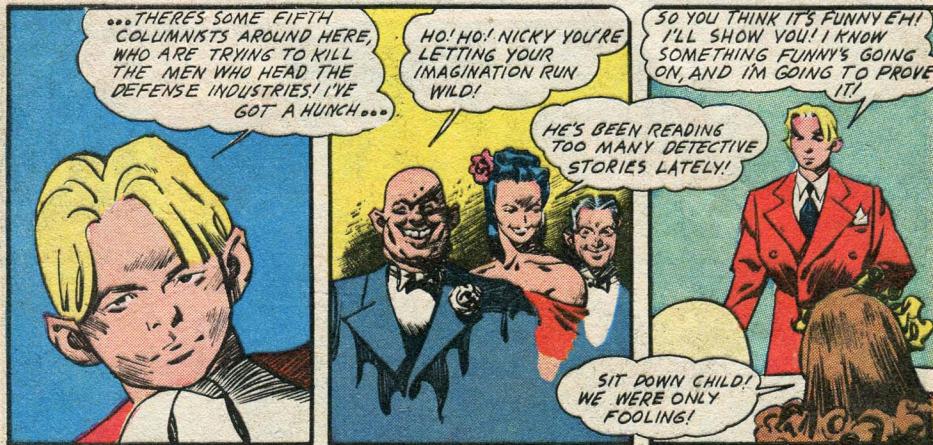
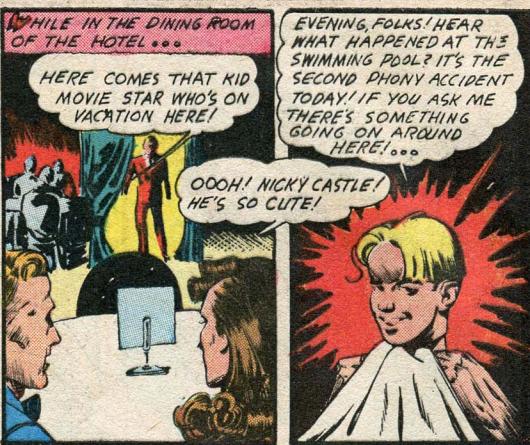
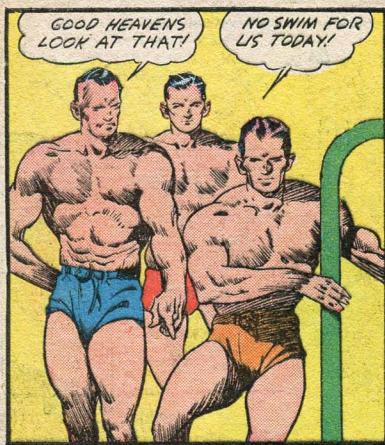


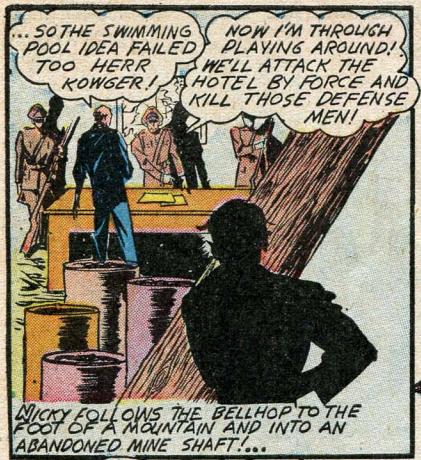




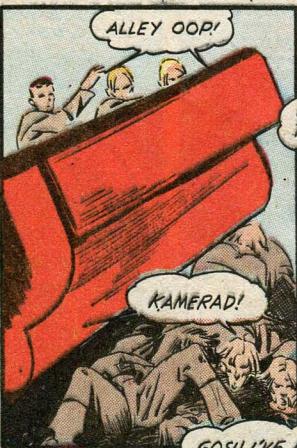
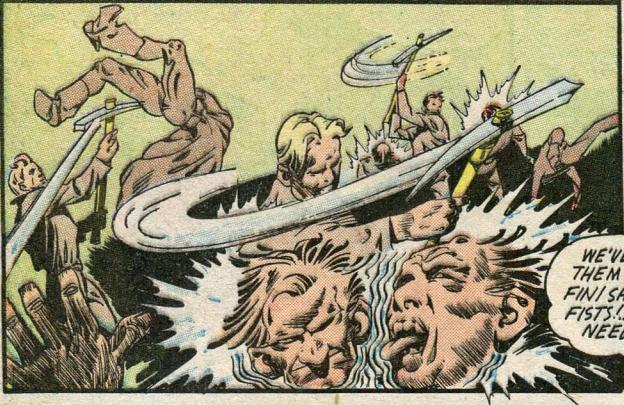








THE SUDDEN SAVAGENESS OF THE STARS AND STRIPES' ATTACK,
CATCHES THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS FLATFOOTED!...



THE SHARK



THROUGH THE CLOSELY GUARDED PANAMA CANAL ZONE A STATIC FILLED MESSAGE BREAKS INTO ALL RADIO WAVE LENGTHS —

Lew Glanz

THE SHARK IS AN AMAZING UNDER-SEA CREATURE WITH WEBBED HANDS AND FEET, ENDOWED WITH ENORMOUS STRENGTH AND POSSESSED OF A SUPER TELE-VISION SET. FATHER NEPTUNE, "POP," IS THE SHARK'S FATHER



GET DE BOYS TOGETHER
AND LET'S GET GOING!

A SMALL BAND OF HARD,
BITTER FACED MEN BEGIN TO
CROWD ABOUT THE CANAL
GATE...

GET THAT GUY STANDING
OVER THERE, FIRST!



THEN AS IF BY A SILENT SIGNAL
THE HOLLOW THUMPING OF MANY
FEET THUNDER ALONG THE
WOODEN WARFS THRU THE
CANAL GATE, AND PAST THE
PITIFUL FIGURE OF THE
DYING GUARD....

ANOTHER MUFFLED REPORT AS
THE MURDERERS AGAIN LEAVE A
DYING GUARD BEHIND!...



QUICK GET DOWN TO THE
PUMPS AND WRECK 'EM... THERE'S
A FREIGHTER COMIN' INTO ONE OF
THE LOCKS NOW!



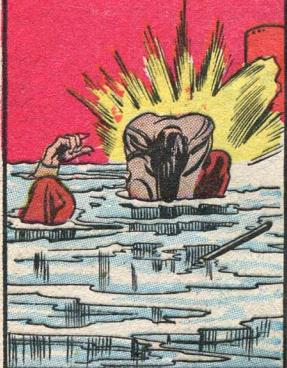
MAKE IT SNAPPY!



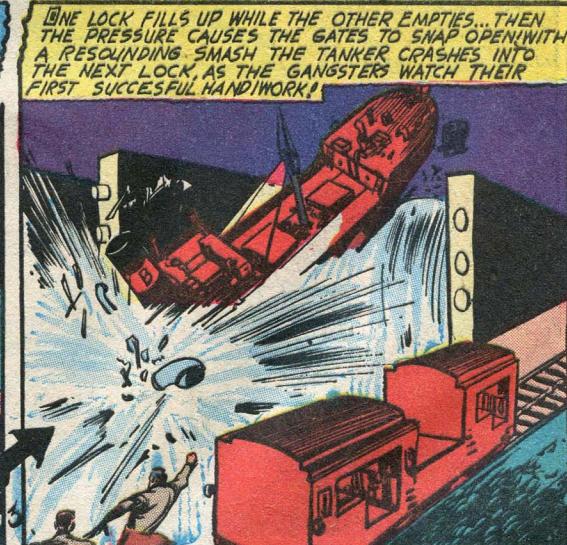
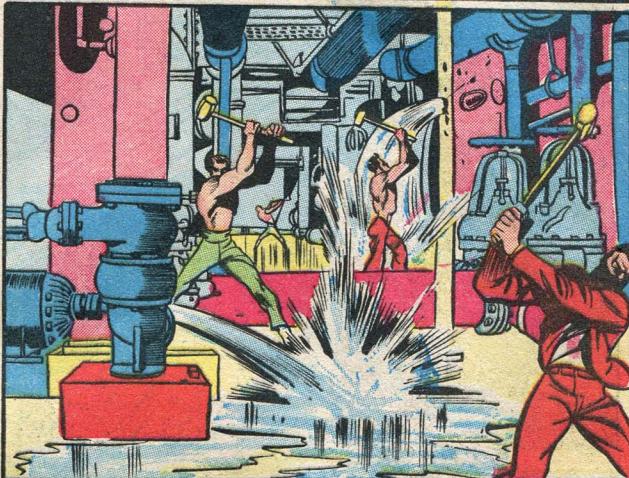
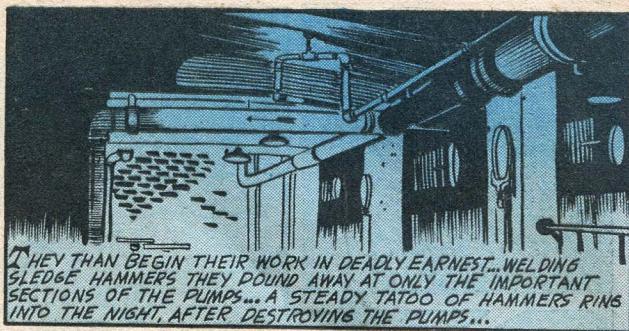
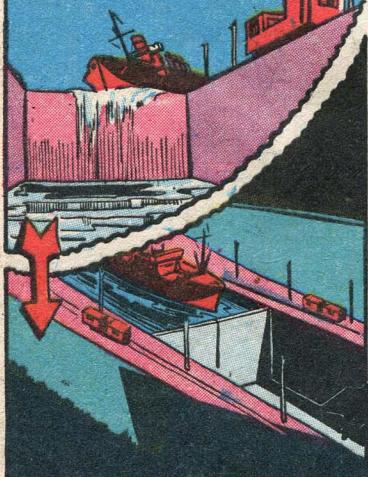
OVERPOWERING THE GUARDS...



THE MEN LEAVE AS SILENTLY AS THEY CAME, LEAVING THE DEAD OR DYING GUARDS TO THEIR FATE... A WATERY DEATH!



A HUGE TANKER IS TRAPPED IN ONE OF THE LOCKS BECAUSE OF THE BROKEN PUMPS!...



WELL, AT WAS FINE WORK EH!
BOYS!!! HAW! HAW! BUT WAIT'LL
THA AIRCRAFT CARRIER COMES!

BUT TWO POWERFUL FIGURES
WATCH THE SHARK AND
FATHER NEPTUNE! A SUDDEN
SPARK IN THEIR EYES AS
THEY THINK OF THE FIGHT
AHEAD! THEN THE SPARK
IS GONE AS THEY THINK
OF THE GANGSTERS
RUTHLESSNESS!...



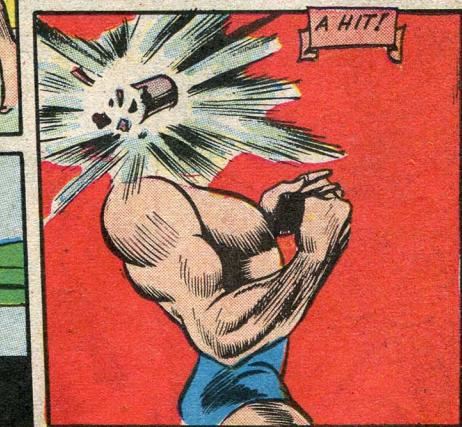
OUT OF THE WATER ZIPS THE
TWO FIGURES INTENT UPON
DESTROYING THIS MENACE!

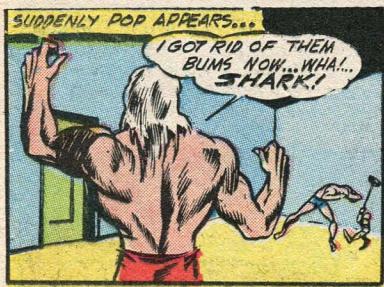
UP AND AT 'EM BOY!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU SON!

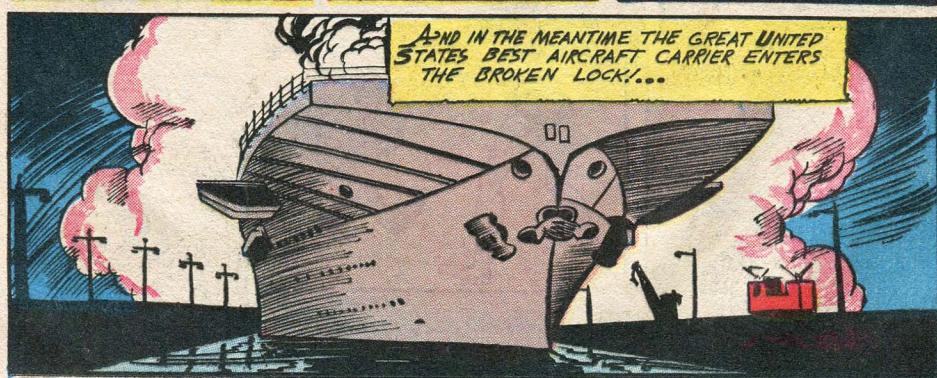
THE SHARK!







AND IN THE MEANTIME THE GREAT UNITED STATES BEST AIRCRAFT CARRIER ENTERS THE BROKEN LOCK...



WHEN THE SHARK AND
POP LEAVE...

THEY'RE GONE!
I'LL GET BACK
AT EM'!

FIRST I MUST GET
MEN, UH! THEY'RE
ALL CAPTURED
... I THINK I KNOW
WHERE I CAN GET
TWO THOUGH!

YES I'LL GET THEM! THAT AIRPLANE
CARRIER MUST BE DESTROYED!
IT HAS A NEW SECRET
WEAPON AMERICA MUST
NOT HAVE!

AT THE PANAMA LOCKS... ALL RIGHT NOW
SON GET DOWN THERE AND HOLD
THOSE LOCKS TOGETHER SO THE WATER
WONT RUSH THROUGH! NO MATTER WHAT
HAPPENS DON'T LEAVE
IT GO!

O.K.!

WITH ALL HIS AMAZING STRENGTH
THE SHARK HOLDS THE TWO GIANT
LOCKS FAST...

THEN...

WHAT'S
THIS?

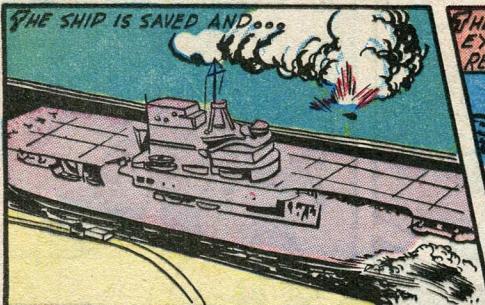
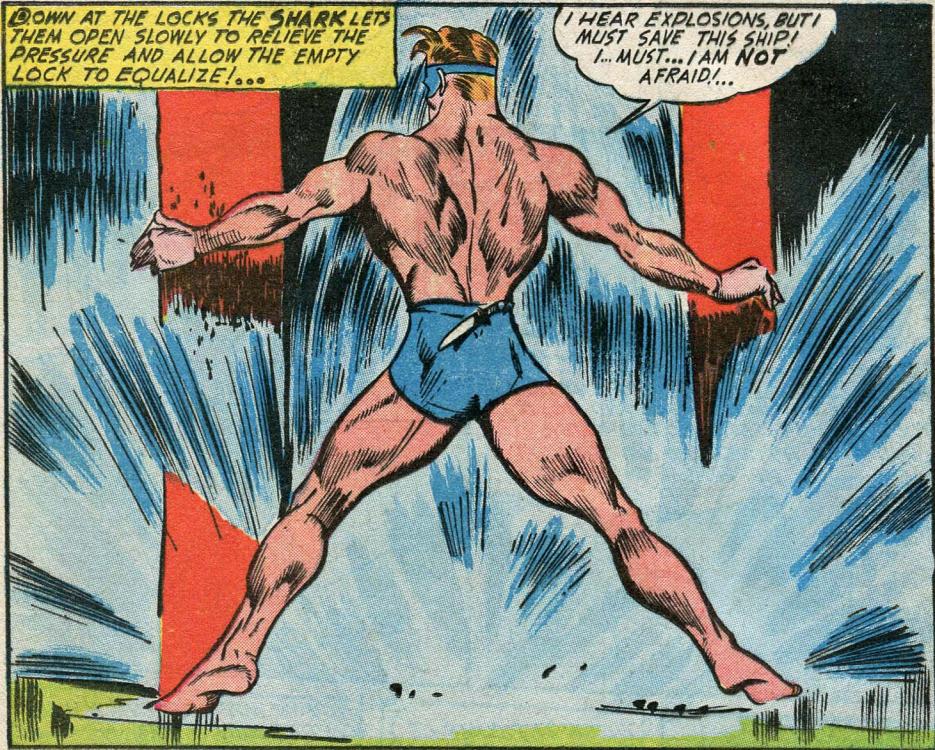
THROW THE BOMB AT
THE OLD MAN QUICK!
THEN AT THE
SHARK!

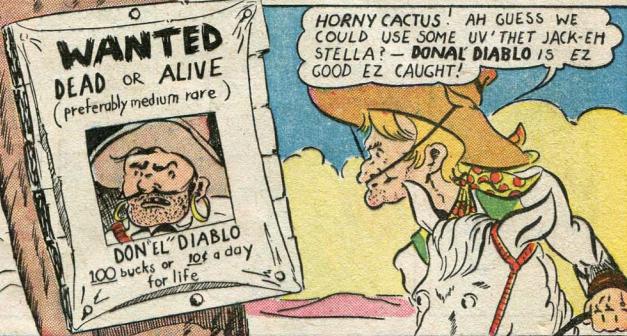
YOU'RE NOT STOPPING MY SON
ON THIS JOB!

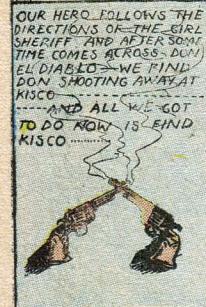
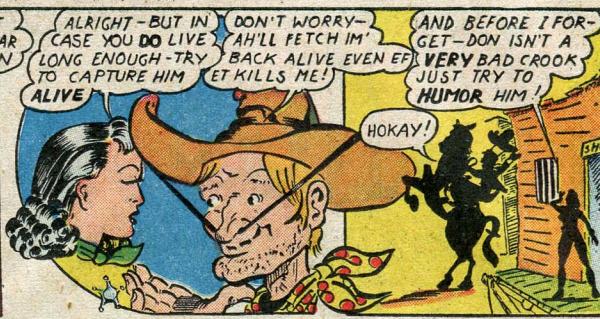


DOWN AT THE LOCKS THE SHARK LETS THEM OPEN SLOWLY TO RELIEVE THE PRESSURE AND ALLOW THE EMPTY LOCK TO EQUALIZE!...

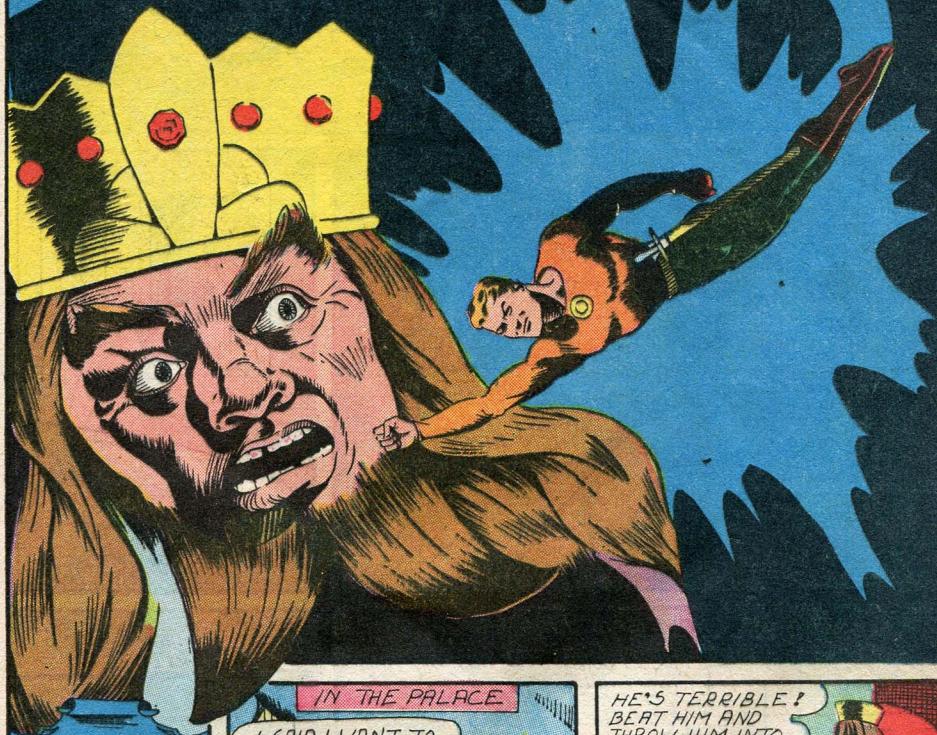
I HEAR EXPLOSIONS, BUT I MUST SAVE THIS SHIP! I... MUST... I AM NOT AFRAID!...







MINIMIDGET



IN THE KINGDOM OF CORAN,
KING MUÑG THE
TERROR, IS IN A
WICKED MOOD.
HE DEMANDS
TO BE AMUSED.
MINIMIDGET AND
RITTY GIVE HIM
ALL THE AMUSE-
MENT HE WANTS
AND MORE.

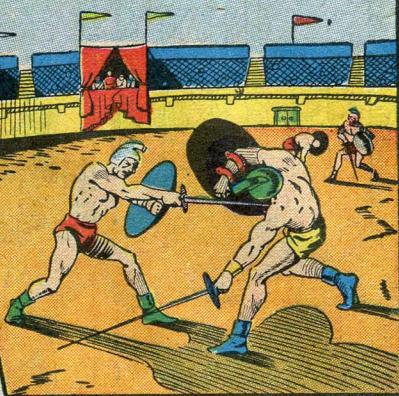
John F. Kolb



THE NEXT ENTERTAINER MET A
WORSE FATE

LATER—THE KING SAT THROUGH A LOT OF
BLOODY BATTLES AT THE ARENA.

I'LL HAVE ALL
YOUR HEADS CUT
OFF IF YOU DON'T
FIND SOME ONE
TO
AMUSE
ME!



BAH! THROW THE
VICTORS TO THE
LIONS! TAKE
THEM AWAY!

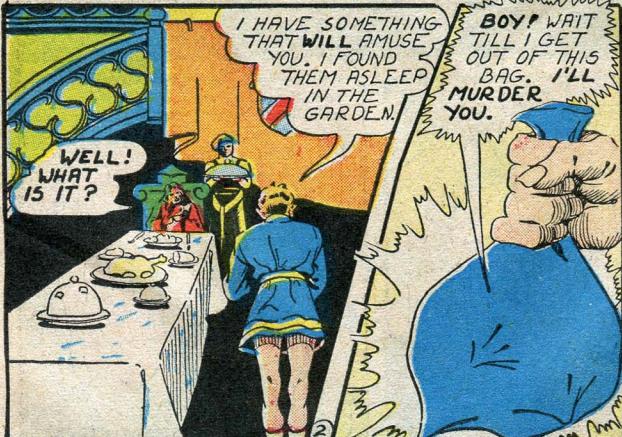


THE NEXT DAY A SERVANT
RUSHES INTO THE PALACE—
A DIRTY BAG IN HIS HAND.

I HAVE SOMETHING
THAT WILL AMUSE
YOU. I FOUND
THEM ASLEEP
IN THE
GARDEN.

BOY! WAIT
TILL I GET
OUT OF THIS
BAG. I'LL
MURDER
YOU.

WELL!
WHAT
IS IT?



THE BAG WAS OPENED AND
OUT FELL MINIMIDGET
AND RITTY.



SO YOU'RE THE GUY THAT
PUT US INTO THAT
DIRTY BAG.



UPSTAIRS THE GUARDS
RIPPED THE PALACE APART
LOOKING FOR THEM.

FIND THEM!
HURRY!!

IN THE CELLAR.

LOOK! THERE'S
AN OLD MAN
LOCKED UP IN
THIS DUNGEON
CELL.

WELL, BLESS MY EYES.
ARE YOU REALLY
THAT SMALL OR / WE ARE
AM I GOING PRETTY
CRAZY? SMALL-BUT
WE GET AROUND.

YOU LOOK LIKE
YOU HAVE BEEN HERE
A LONG TIME. WHO
ARE YOU?
WHY ARE YOU
IN HERE?

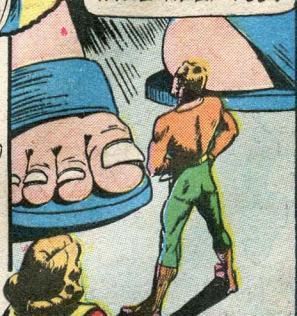
I AM KING REX. I WAS
THROWN IN HERE TEN
YEARS AGO BY MUNG,
WHEN HE STOLE THE
THRONE. NOBODY KNOWS
I'M ALIVE.

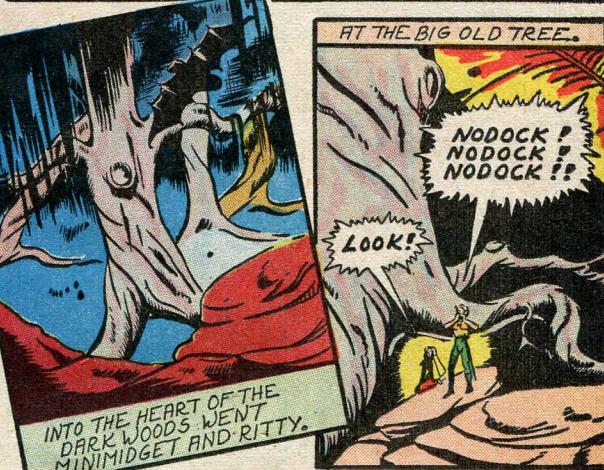
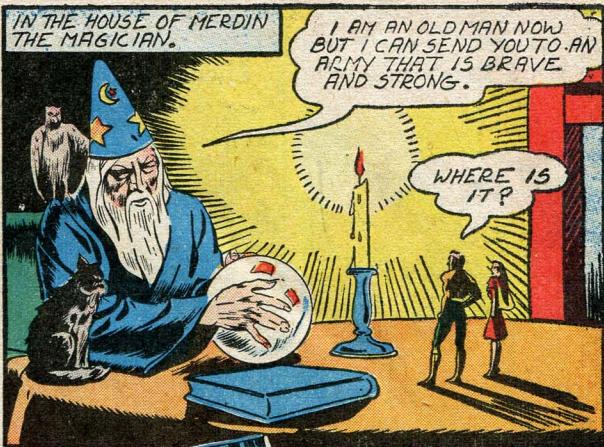
MUNG IS SMART AND
CRUEL. HE KEPT ME HERE
ALIVE, JUST SO HE CAN
LAUGH AT ME.

WE HAVE TO GET
YOU OUT OF HERE
AND RESTORE YOU
TO THE THRONE.
BUT WE NEED HELP.

GO TO MERDIN THE
MAGICIAN, ON THE
EDGE OF THE BLACK
SWAMP. TELL HIM
I SENT YOU. HE
WILL HELP YOU!

EVERYBODY
THOUGHT YOU
WERE
KILLED.





IN THE CASTLE

OB, YOU TAKE SOME OF THE MEN AND FREE KING REX. HE IS IN A DUNGEON CELL. WE'LL TAKE CARE OF KING MUNG AND HIS VILLAINOUS MEN.



WHAT'S THIS? GO AWAYS
HELP!! GUARDS!!



KING MUNG STARTED TO
RUN BUT—

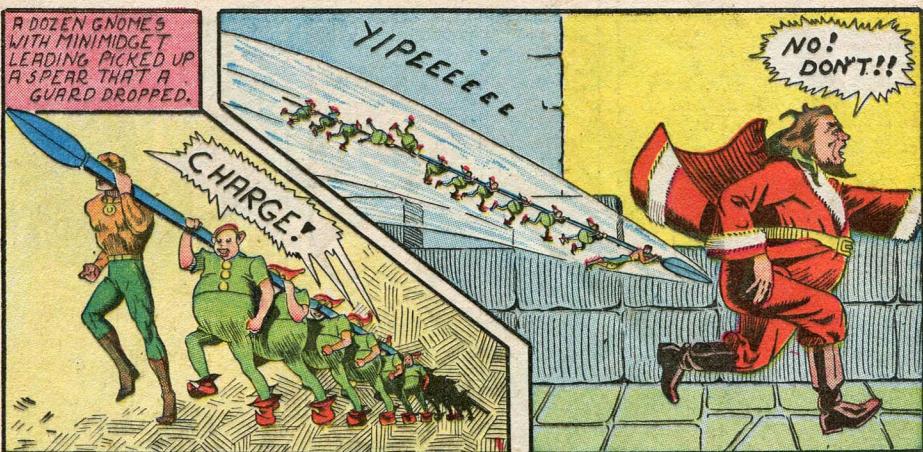


THE GUARDS WERE LAID OUT IN SHORT ORDER.



THERE HE GOES!

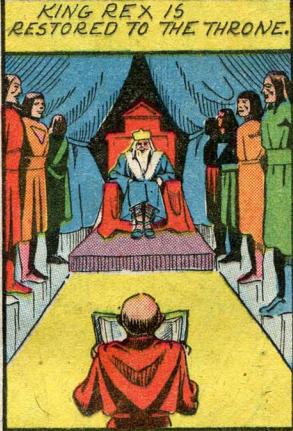
A DOZEN GNOMES WITH MINIMIDGET LEADING PICKED UP A SPEAR THAT A GUARD DROPPED.



IN TERROR, KING MUNG LEAPED OFF THE CASTLE TO HIS DEATH ON THE ROCKS BELOW.



KING REX IS RESTORED TO THE THRONE.



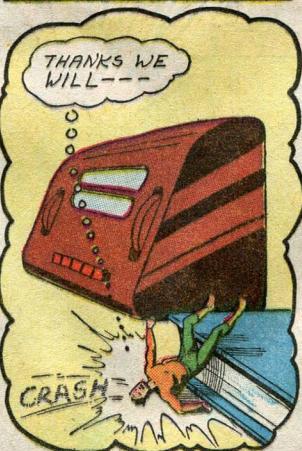
THE PEOPLE CHEERED WHEN THEY HEARD THAT THE GOOD KING REX WAS ON THE THRONE AGAIN.



MINIMIDGET AND RITTY THIS IS YOUR HOME FOREVER IF YOU WISH. YOU CAN HAVE ANYTHING YOU DESIRE.



THANKS WE WILL---



WHAT HAPPENED? WHO? WHY ???
YOU FELL ASLEEP LISTENING TO THE RADIO. I GUESS YOU WERE DREAMING.



MINIMIDGET APPEARS AGAIN IN THE NEXT ISSUE

By
Sam Gilman

WE EVER SAILS
THE U.S.S. ATLANTA
AT WILD

14
U.S. WEAVERTA
THE U.S. AT WILD
TONITE FURNICE IRON SKULL
WITH THE BOARD
AND ON

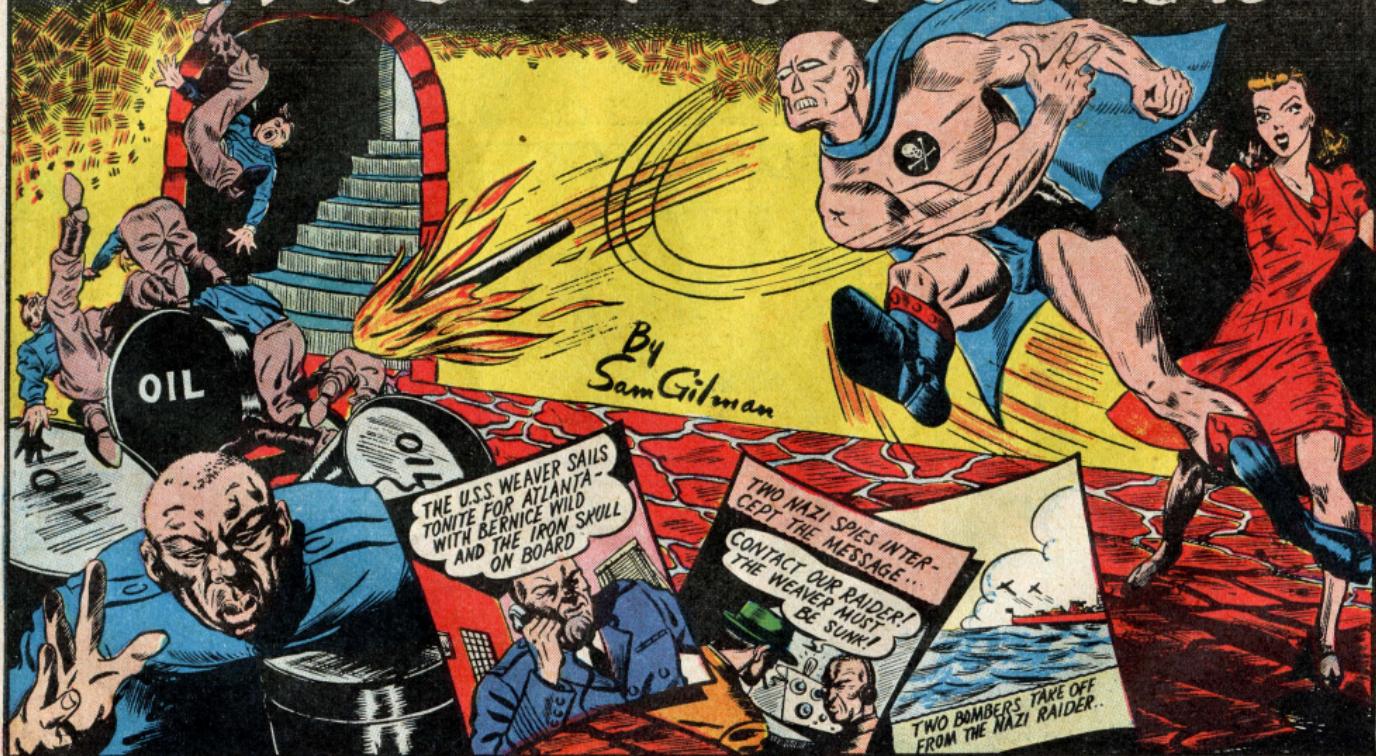
SPIES IN TEX
THE MESSAGE:
CONTACT OUR RAIDER.
THE WEAVER MUST
BE SUNK!

TWO BOMBER RAIDERS TAKE OFF FROM THE NAZI RAIDER.

10

三

The

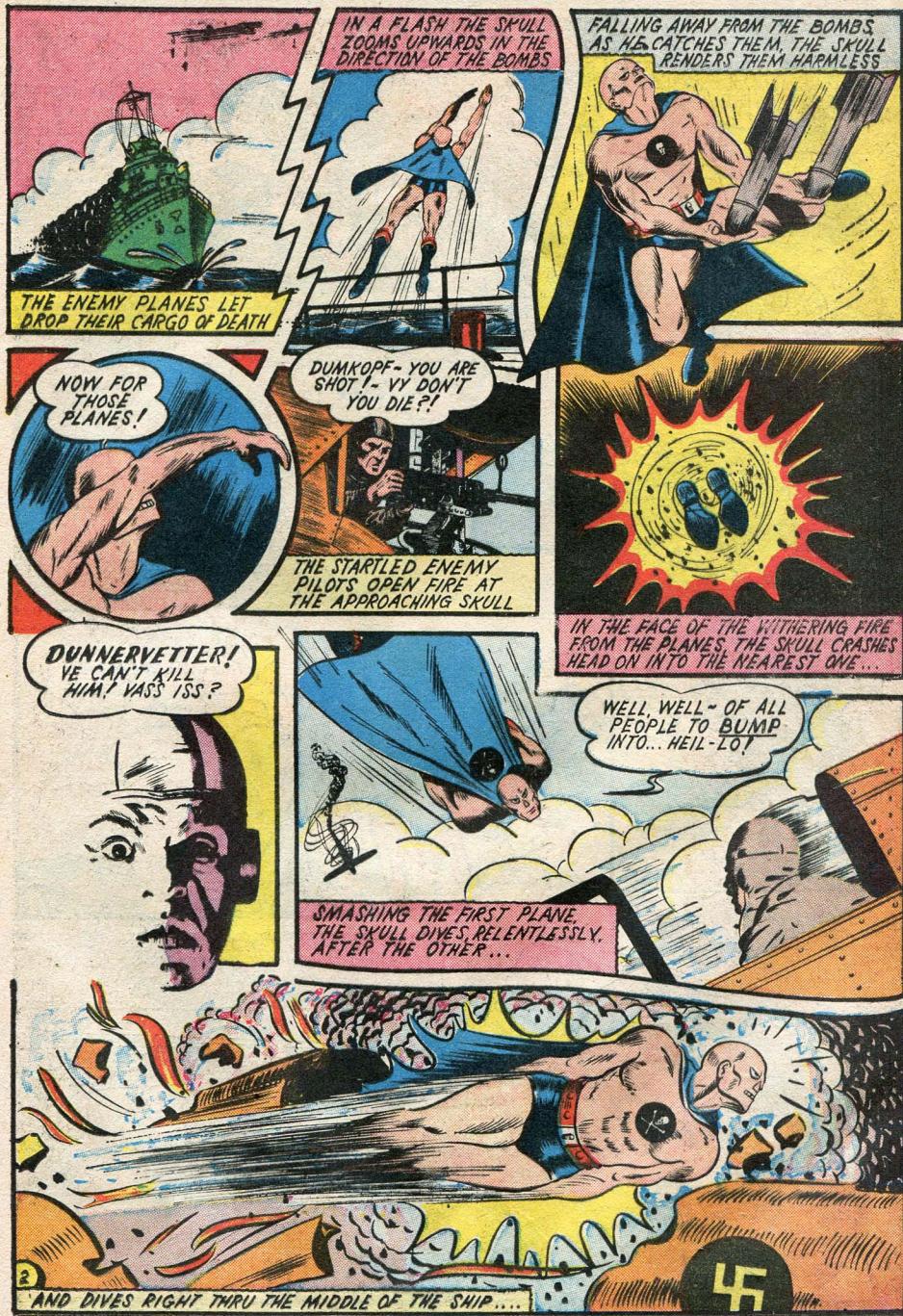


By
Sam Gilman

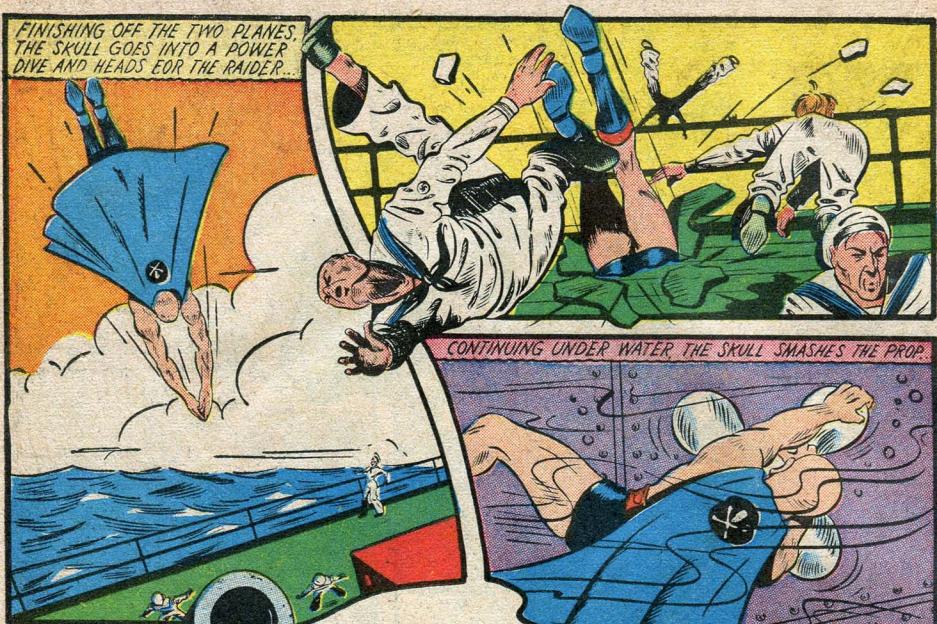
THE U.S.S. WEAVER SAILS
TONITE FOR ATLANTA -
WITH BERNICE WILD
AND THE IRON SKULL
ON BOARD

TWO NAZI SPIES INTER-
CEPT THE MESSAGE...
CONTACT OUR RAIDER!
THE WEAVER MUST
BE SUNK!

TWO BOMBERs TAKE OFF
FROM THE NAZI RAIDER.



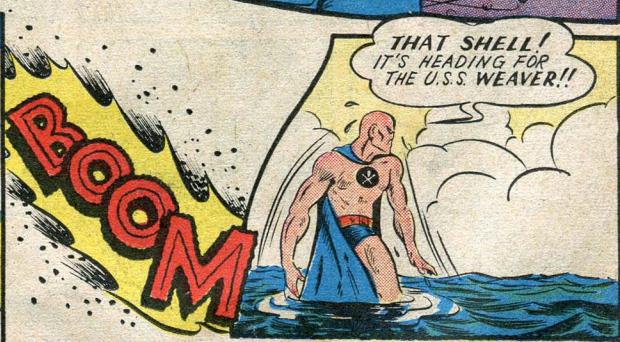
FINISHING OFF THE TWO PLANES,
THE SKULL GOES INTO A POWER
DIVE AND HEADS FOR THE RAIDER...



CONTINUING UNDER WATER, THE SKULL SMASHES THE PROP.

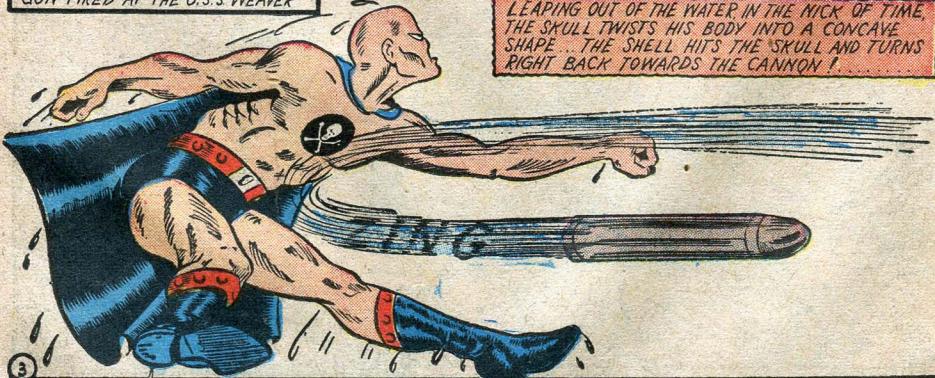


ON THE ISLAND OF ATLANTA, THE
COMMANDER ORDERS THE BIG
GUN FIRED AT THE U.S.S. WEAVER



THAT SHELL!
IT'S HEADING FOR
THE U.S.S. WEAVER!!

LEAPING OUT OF THE WATER IN THE NICK OF TIME,
THE SKULL TWISTS HIS BODY INTO A CONCAVE
SHAPE... THE SHELL HITS THE SKULL AND TURNS
RIGHT BACK TOWARDS THE CANNON!



THE SHELL SPEEDS RIGHT BACK
TO ITS STARTING POINT AND...

THE IRON SKULL THEN SWIMS OFF TO THE SHORE...
BERNICE WILD FOLLOWING IN A SMALL SPEED-BOAT...

THIS IS THE
ENTRANCE -
WE MUST
BE QUIET!

PSST - HOLZE
WE HAVE
UNINVITED
GUESTS!

ON THE ISLAND, BERNICE LEADS THE
SKULL TO THE SECRET ENTRANCE OF
THE UNDERGROUND NAZI FORTRESS

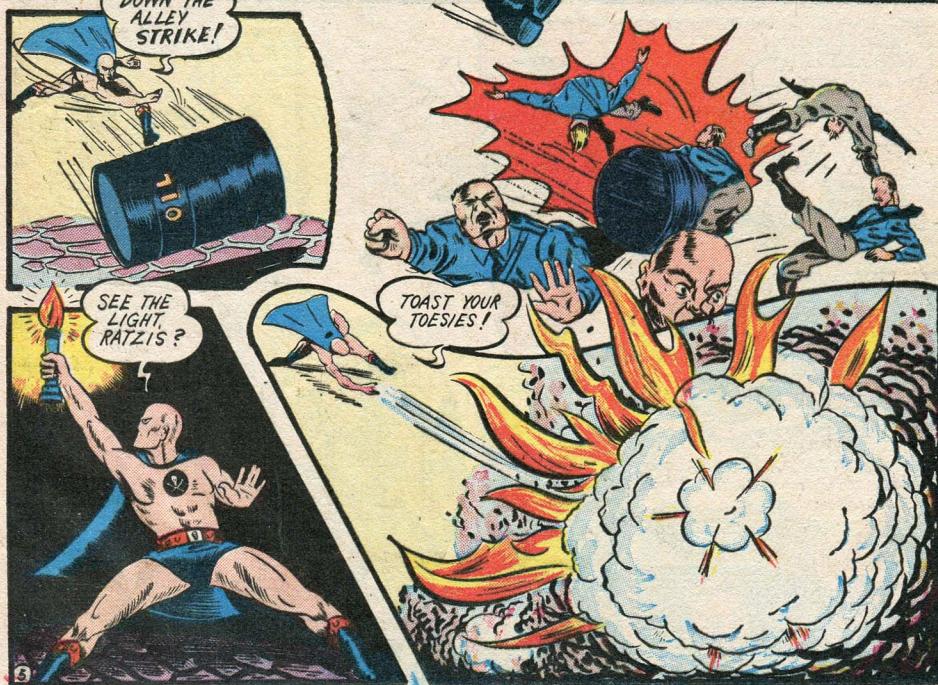
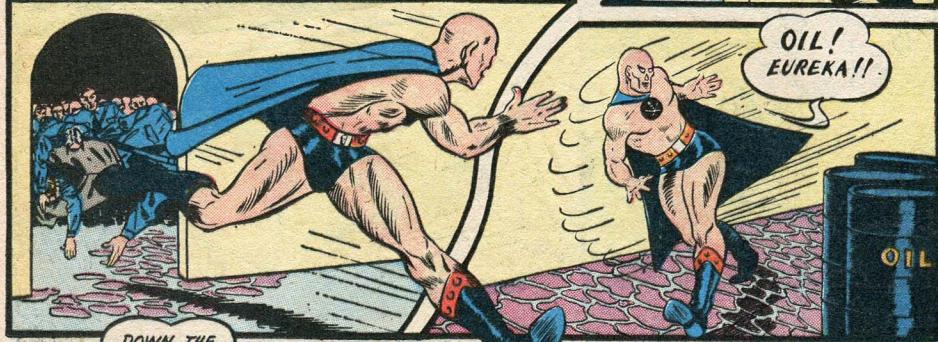
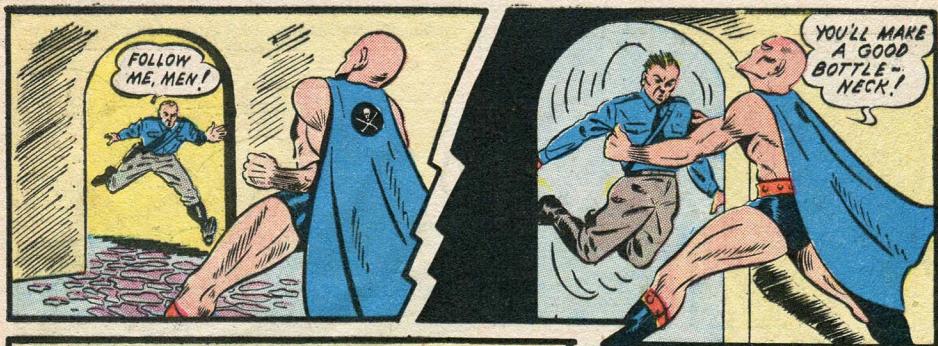
HEILP!

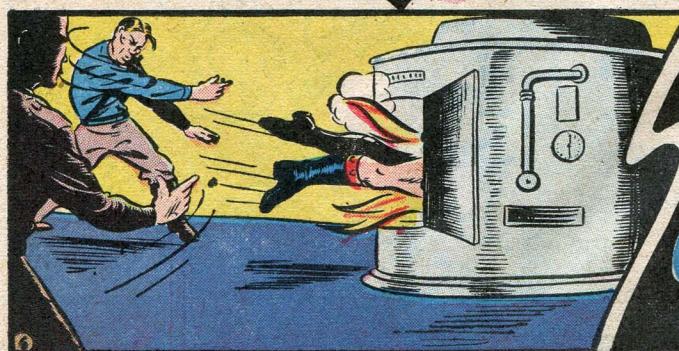
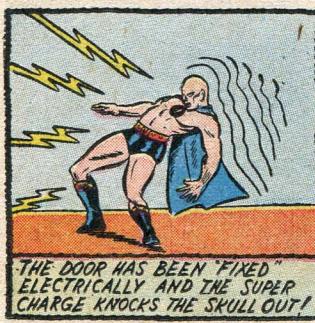
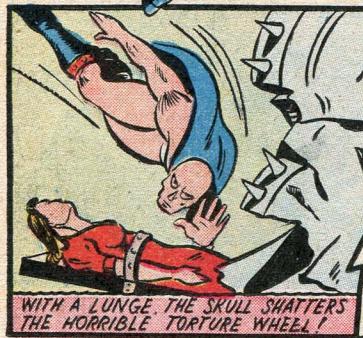
YOU WAIT HERE
WHILE I TAKE A
LOOK AROUND
INSIDE...

DO BE
CAREFUL!

VOICES!...
COMING FROM
BEHIND THIS
DOOR!

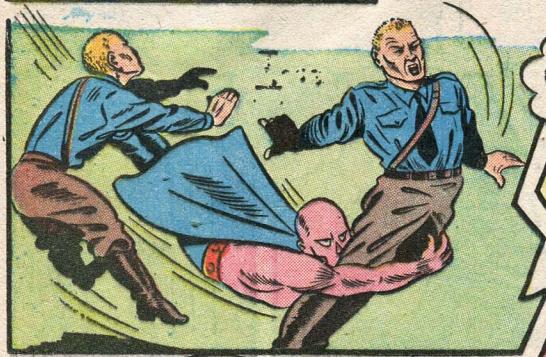
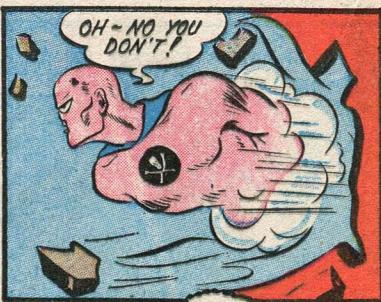
PLANES OVER NEW YORK...
THE TANKS WILL TAKE
CONNECTICUT, UND...
VOT'S DISS??

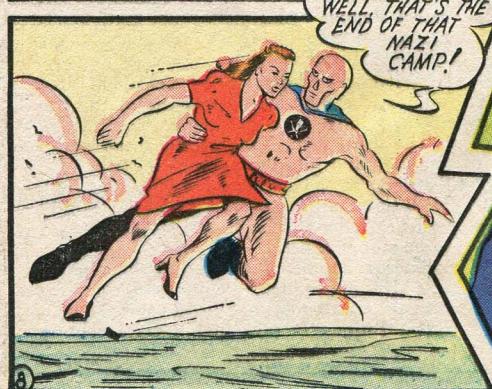
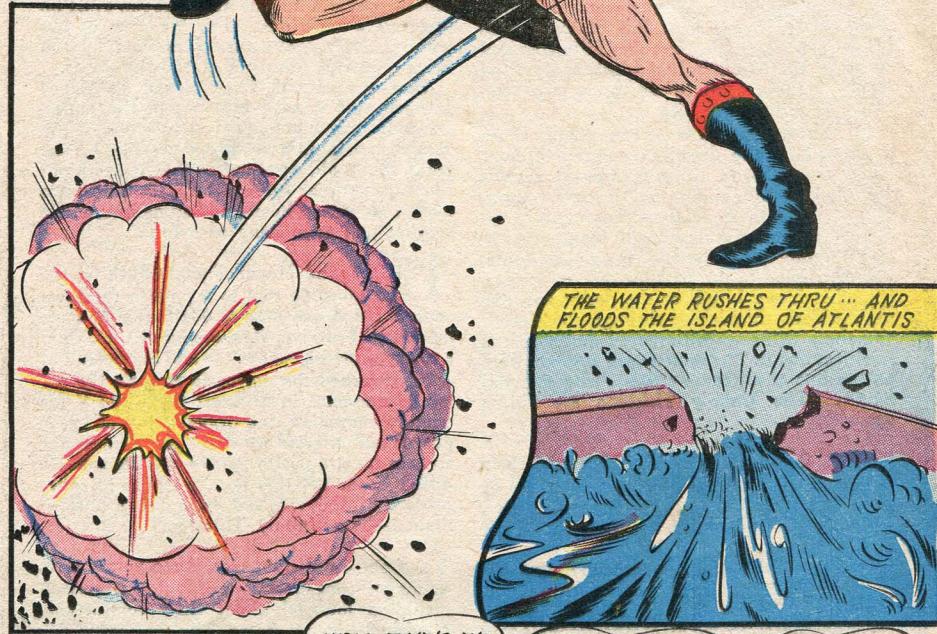
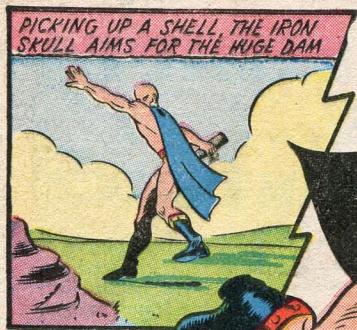






THE ELECTRIC CURRENT IS
NEUTRALIZED
BY THE
TERRIFIC
HEAT OF THE
FURNACE -
AND THE
SKULL CRASHES
THRU!...





THE STARS & STRIPES

BATTLE

THE UNHOLY THIRTEEN

by Robert Turner

THEY swept into the pre-dawn darkness shrouding Midwest City in a cloud of desert dust. The hooves of their horses pounded the city pavement. Their white-cowled heads bent low of the manes of the racing animals, the robes billowing and flying in the wind. Boldly black against the front of these same white robes, was emblazoned a huge swastika.

In houses lining the street, people were awakened by the dread cacophony of hoof beats. Some made little frightened sounds with their mouths and pulled the covers, tremblingly, over their heads. Others simply remained stiff and paralyzed with fear, perspiration popping out of them in tiny globes. Some, bolder, rushed to the window, peered gingerly under drawn blinds at the dozen and one night riders, thundering through the streets, and these witnesses whimpered and shivered in abject terror. The same words though, were on the lips of all these citizens who saw and heard: "The Unholy Thirteen are riding again!"

THE dreaded night-riders brought their mounts to a halt close to the center of town, before a fine, old fashioned residence. All of them swaggered up the walk to the door of the big house.

The man with the axe knocked. But not politely. He knocked with one smashing blow of the sharp-bladed tool that splintered through the solid wood of the door. Again and again the axe crashed through the wood, shattering it completely.

The Unholy Thirteen now barged inside. The leaders cruelly dismissed the aged house-keeper who tried to stop their march, with a slap that knocked her clear to the end of the hall. She slumped against the wall, a pitiful figure, with her hair in curlers and her cold-creamed face bloody and bruised. She wept silently as she watched the gang climb the stairs. Through split lips she mumbled a hoarse warning:

"Mayor Jackson! They—they're coming after you! Mayor Jackson—The Unholy Thirteen!"

BUT Thomas Jackson, patriotic mayor of Midwest City did not hear the warning. The first intimation of trouble he had was when he was rudely thrown from his bed, kicked from one member of the gang to the other, from side to side of the room, until he was half a conscious, gibbering mess of humanity, every inch of him marked by the heavy boots of the gang of Un-Americans.

That was not all. They picked up Mayor Jackson, and carried him out of the house, stopping only momentarily while one of the Thirteen painted a big black swastika on the front of the old dwelling so that it stood out like an ugly scar against the typical neatness of this American home, and slung him across a horse and rode away with him.

THEY found Mayor Thomas Jackson the next morning tied to a pole in the town square. He was as close to death as a man can be and still survive. He wore no clothes. Only a heavy, hurting coat of tar and feathers.

"We warned the mayor to stop all the patriotic nonsense in Midwest City—the V for Victory campaign, the organization of home guards and air raid workers, The Benefit For Britain theatre performances and the rest. He didn't heed. Let this be a warning to other leaders of the city not to be so foolish.—Signed—The Unholy Thirteen."

IN a not too distant city, three young men, magnificent specimens of typical American manhood lounged about their comfortably furnished hideout cellar. The redhead one called Pepper had just finished reading the newspaper account of this latest deed of the Unholy Thirteen aloud.

"What are we going to do about it?" Whitey, the light-haired member of the trio asked, grimly.

The third man, Van, pounded the fist of one big hand into the palm of the other. "If that gang keeps getting away with that stuff, Fifth Columnists in every town in the country will be trying it," he stormed. "They've got to be stopped, now!"

"Here's another item in the same paper that gives me an idea," Pepper said, rumpling his thick thatch of brick-colored hair, thoughtfully. "It says that a cross country

flight of new army bombers are going to stop at the Midwest City airport, tomorrow night to refuel. The Unholy Thirteen aren't going to miss an opportunity like that to strike at Uncle Sam's forces!"

"I get it," Van said. He grinned. "And neither are we, THE STARS AND STRIPES, going to miss that chance to clamp down on the Unholy Thirteen!"

THE fighting, patriotic trio flew that day, incognito, to Midwest City. They stayed all day in a small hotel, that night cabbed out to the airport. When they had dismissed the hack, Pepper, Van and Whitey stripped off their every day clothes and stood in the moonlight clad only in their skin-tight costumes of red, white and blue. At one time these outfit had been the prison garb the boys had been forced to wear in a foreign concentration camp where they had been framed into imprisonment. But, now the prison stripes had been painted a colorful red and white and on the chest of each man there glowed a big blue star of freedom.

The three clasped hands in silence, then separated and hid in spots around the airport where each could cover thoroughly everything that occurred.

FOR several hours nothing happened. Then, abruptly shortly after one A.M., every light in the airport went out. Heavy, blanketing blackness dropped over the landing field and every building. From several places in the darkness screams of men in pain pierced the silence. There were brief, bright flashes of gun fire. Then silence again.

Through the gloom over the airport field three beams of light penciled. In the bright rays could now be seen men in white robes and hoods lugging old plows and heavy logs, and rolling big barrels of cement out onto the landing field. In a few minutes they already had the field so littered with barricades of bric-a-brac and junk that no plane could possibly land without ending up in a horrible crash.

JAWS tightened grimly, *The Stars and Stripes*, wielding their pen-type flashlights, shivered at the thought of what would happen to the squadron of Uncle Sam's new giant bombers when they attempted to land in the darkened field. Every plane would be a twisted hunk of wreckage. A million dollars of defense money would be wasted, to say nothing of the lives of crack army pilots, and the loss of time in building the planes.

A moment later Pepper dropped his flash light with a howl of rage as a bullet whined past his wrist, grazing the flesh. Instantly the

lights of his companions flicked off. The trio now plunged across the field in darkness. They did not stumble or fall, though. *The Stars and Stripes* had trained themselves to see in the gloom of night as well as cats.

STRAIGHT to one of the white-robed night riders, who showed up beautifully, ran Van. He hit the legs of his chosen man in a flying tackle that carried the victim six feet through the air and crashing down against a barrel of cement. Van stood up, fists clenched, waiting for the man to rise. But there was no more fight in the night rider. He lay across

In another part of the darkened field, Pepper was standing toe-to-toe with two strapping members of the spy-gang, slugging it out with them. First one of them dropped, his face smashed, consciousness gone, and Pepper could concentrate on the remaining opponent. He went to business with his fists, thoroughly.

A FEW minutes later and the gang would no longer be rightly called the Unholy Thirteen. Ten of them were stretched out on the airport field. The other three unknowing what had happened to their comrades were sitting comfortably in the small power plant of the airport, making sure that no one turned on the lights of the field again until after the army planes had crashed. These three were quite surprised when there whizzed a series of red, white and blue flashes through the doorway.

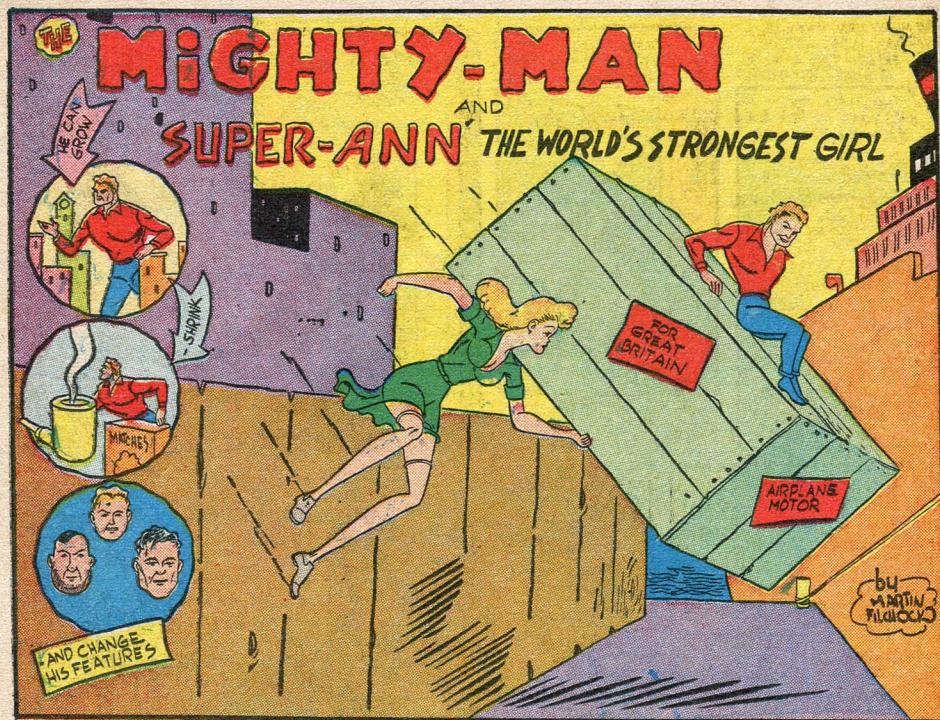
The sound and the fury of the fight lasted for several moments and then subsided into a series of whimpering and groans. Then the light in the room flooded on, showing Pepper and Van grinning over three battered tough guys as Whitey stood by the control box.

A FEW moments later just as the air above the landing field was filled with the roar of motors as the bombers came in to land, the field landing lights flashed on. Just in time, the pilots saw the obstacles scattered about the field and climbed their planes again and circled around until the field was cleared and they could land safely.

At breakfast the following morning, airport employees talked about the incidents of the night. "Some spy at the airport where the Army flight started off fixed the planes' landing lights so they wouldn't work. With the field lights out, too, imagine what would have happened if those *Stars and Stripes* boys hadn't been on the job!"

"But they were on the job," one of the men said. "They always are."

THE END.



TWO MEN CAN BE SEEN RAISING A HUGH SAFE TO THE TOP FLOOR OF A FOUR STORY BUILDING. SUDDENLY THE CABLE SNAPS!

THE MIGHTY MAN, THE GIRL'S GUARDIAN ANGEL, WATCHES HER PERFORM THIS AMAZING FEAT. HE IS FAR FROM PLEASED.

THE LITTLE FOOL! SHE'LL GET IN TROUBLE SHOWING OFF LIKE THAT!

THAT'S FUNNY! WHY AREN'T THE LIGHTS ON?



THE MIGHTY MAN IS RIGHT - AS ANN FINDS OUT THAT VERY NIGHT!

MAW OH MAW



I HAVE HER MEN! TURN ON THE LIGHTS



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!



WHOO! A REGULAR MOB - NOW THE FIGHT IS EVEN!



BUT THE MEN ARE EXPERIENCED FIGHTERS

COME ON! MY RIGHT HAND IS BAD BUT I STILL HAVE MY LEFT!



OKEY, MEN! CHARGE HER!



IN A FEW SECONDS THEY HAVE SUPER-ANN CORNERED

WITH THE OVERWHELMING ODDS AGAINST HER, ANN IS SOON OVERPOWERED

QUICKLY SHE IS CARRIED OFF

THE MEN CHARGE HER AS A SINGLE UNIT

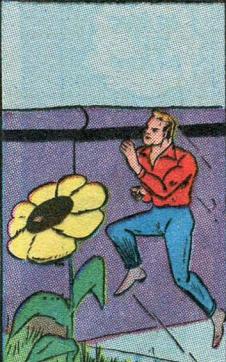
WITH THE OVERWHELMING ODDS AGAINST HER, ANN IS SOON OVERPOWERED

QUICKLY SHE IS CARRIED OFF

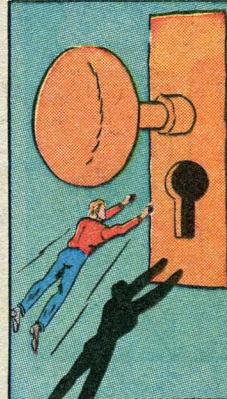
I WONDER WHY NO ONE IS STIRRING IN SUPER-ANN'S HOME! PERHAPS SOMETHING HAPPENED TO HER AFTER I LEFT LAST NIGHT - I'LL SOON FIND OUT!



THE NEXT DAY!



BY SIMPLY THINKING HIMSELF SMALL THE MIGHTY MAN SHRINKS...



...AND HOPS THROUGH THE KEYHOLE



WHEW! I LOOKS LIKE LIGHTNING STRUCK THIS PLACE TWICE!



HE MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY!



THE MIGHTY MAN GOES STRAIGHT TO THE WATERFRONT

I'LL FIND SOME CLUE HERE I'M SURE!

OH! OH!

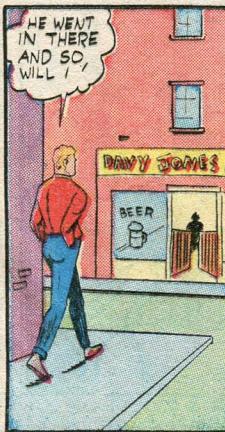


THOSE BOYS LOOK LIKE THEY'VE WENT THROUGH A MEAT GRINDER!

-MORE CLUES!!



UNDoubtedly THEY'VE MET UP WITH SUPER-ANN STAR - I'LL FOLLOW ONE OF THEM!

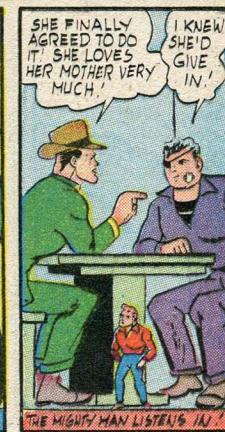


HE WENT IN THERE AND SO WILL I!



WHEN DO WE STRIKE?

TONIGHT!



SHE FINALLY AGREED TO DO IT! SHE LOVES HER MOTHER VERY MUCH!

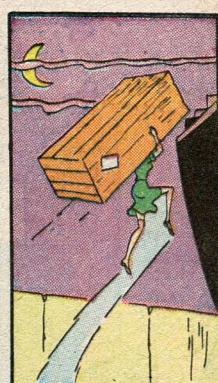
I KNEW SHE'D GIVE IN!

THE SAILOR MEETS A FRIEND

THE MIGHTY MAN LISTENS IN!

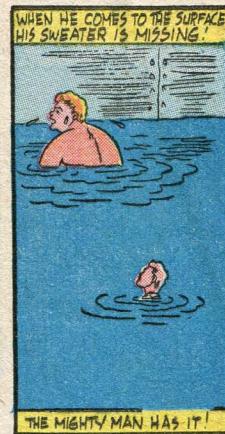


LATER AT A FRIEND'S HOME



5
SUPER-ANN SOON RETURNS WITH
ANOTHER BOX - BUT INSTEAD OF TAKING
ONE WITH A BOMB IN IT SHE TAKES
THE ONE WITH THE AIRPLANE MOTORS

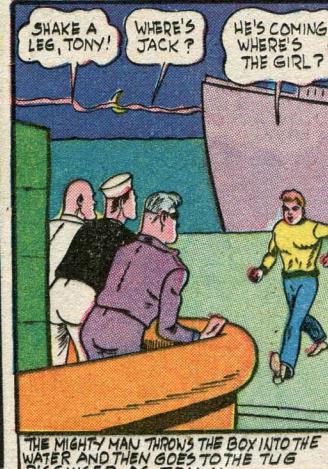
WHILE SHE IS AWAY THE MIGHTY MAN AGAIN
CHANGES THE BOXES: SUPER-ANN MAKES HER
APPEARANCE AND AGAIN TAKES THE WRONG BOX!



BUT HE FINDS TWO MEN ALREADY THERE

LIKE A BIRD HE SOARS FAR OUT INTO THE SEA AND THEN DROPS LIKE A COMET

THE MIGHTY MAN HAS IT!



SUPER-ANN HEARS THE LAST REMARK-SHE LOSES HER HEAD



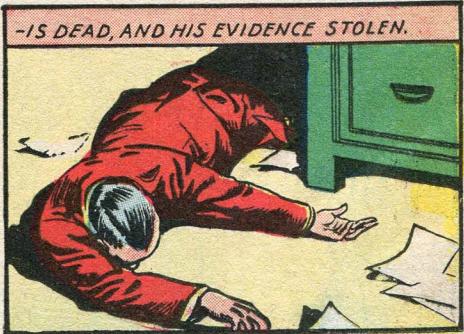
THE MIGHTY MAN'S CLOTHING IS MADE OF SPECIAL RUBBERIZED MATERIAL

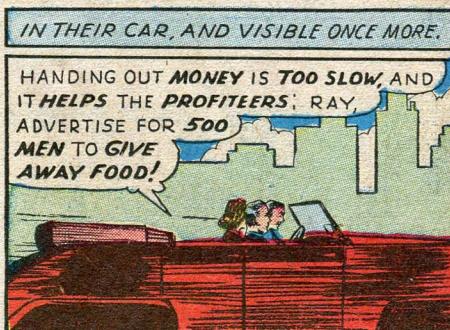
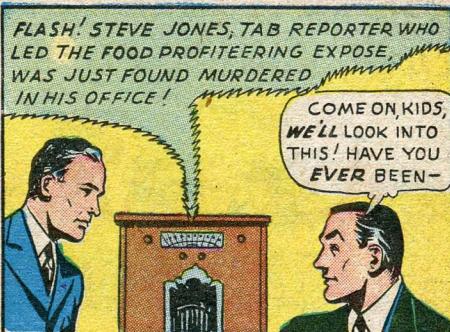
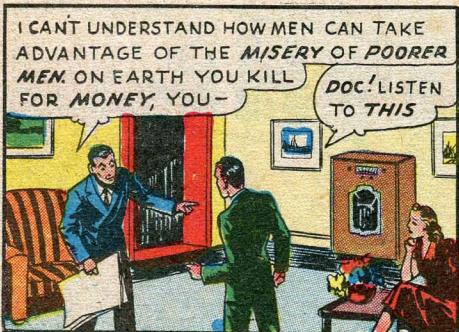
DR. SYNTHE

MIRACLE MAN FROM MO



FROM THE PLANET MO, PART OF A SOLAR SYSTEM A MILLION LIGHT YEARS FROM EARTH, COMES THAT STRANGE BEING KNOWN ON EARTH AS "DR. SYNTHE," BECAUSE OF HIS ABILITY TO MAKE EVERYTHING ANIMATE TO MAKE INANIMATE FROM THE BASIC BUILDING BLOCKS OF NATURE, ELECTRONS AND PROTONS. HE IS PUZZLED BY THE PEOPLE OF THE EARTH, THEIR WAYS AND WARS, AND TURNS TO HIS TWO YOUNG FRIENDS, RAY AND BETTY TO FIND THE ANSWER-----





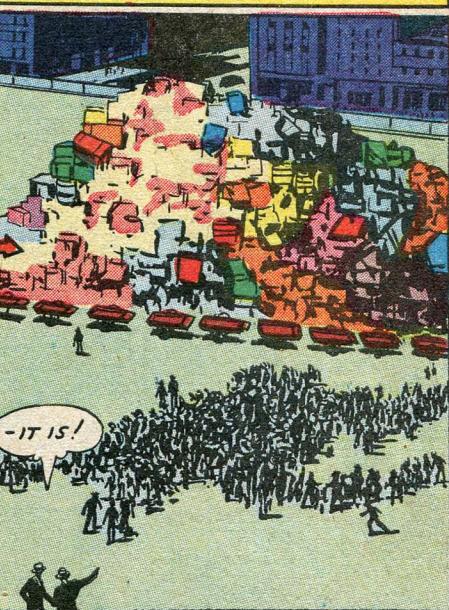
NEXT MORNING - ON A LOT SYNTHES BOUGHT.

HERE ARE THE 500 MEN TO GIVE AWAY FOOD -
BUT WHERE'S THE FOOD AND
PUSH-CARTS?

OH
HERE-



A MOUNTAIN OF FOOD, AND 500 PUSH-CARTS ARE MATERIALIZED.



YOU MEN HAVE YOUR ROUTES, GIVE FOOD
TO ANYONE WHO WANTS IT.. THEN
COME BACK AND LOAD
UP AGAIN!



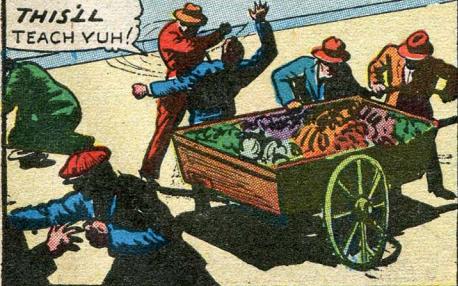
AN HOUR LATER IN A BUSINESS OFFICE.



THEY AIN'T SELLIN' IT! THEY'RE GIVIN'
IT AWAY, AND THIS DOC
SYNTHE'S BEHIND IT!



PAID HOODLUMS DESCEND, AND -



SYNTHE'S MEN ARE BEATEN, CARTS WRECKED.



DOC! THE PROFITEER'S THUGS
ARE WRECKING OUR CARTS!

SO! I'LL FIX THAT
I SAW A PICTURE OF
A FLYING REPTILE
THE OTHER DAY-

PTERODACTYL, I THINK IT WAS
CALLED; IT SHOULD IMPRESS THOSE
THUGS!

AS THE PTERODACTYL, SYNTHES SWOOPS
ON THE PROFITEERS' THUGS.

LET THIS BE A LESSON TO—

IT
TALKS!
I'M
THROUGH!

-YOU!

BOSS, OUR GANGS HAVE QUIT. THIS
GUY SYNTHE'S ONE TOUGH BABY!

ILL HANDLE
HIM!

THAT NIGHT, SIMEON STONE, A PHILANTHRO-
DIST, CALLS ON SYNTHE.

DR. SYNTHE, CONGRATULATIONS! IF I
CAN HELP—

I THINK I
CAN HANDLE
THINGS, THANKS.

THE NEXT DAY FOOD PRICES DROP, BUT
SYNTHES FREE FOOD CARTS STILL ROLL



BOSS, UNLESS YOU DO SOMETHING, YOU'RE
RUINED! 3 WAREHOUSES FULL—



YES, MR STONE! IF IT'S THAT VITAL
I'LL MEET YOU! I'LL LEAVE NOW!



A QUEER PLACE FOR A MEETING WITH
A MAN LIKE STONE!



TAKE IT!

YOU FOOLS. YOU
CAN'T KILL ME!



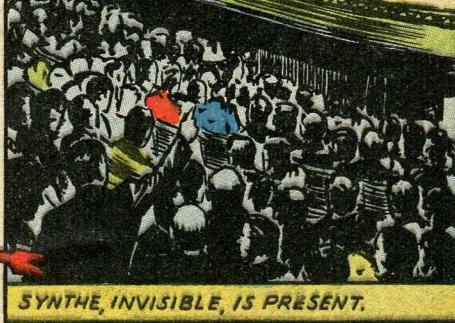
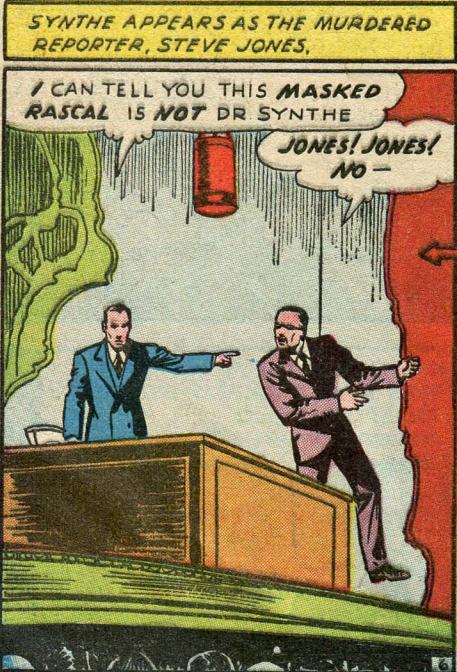
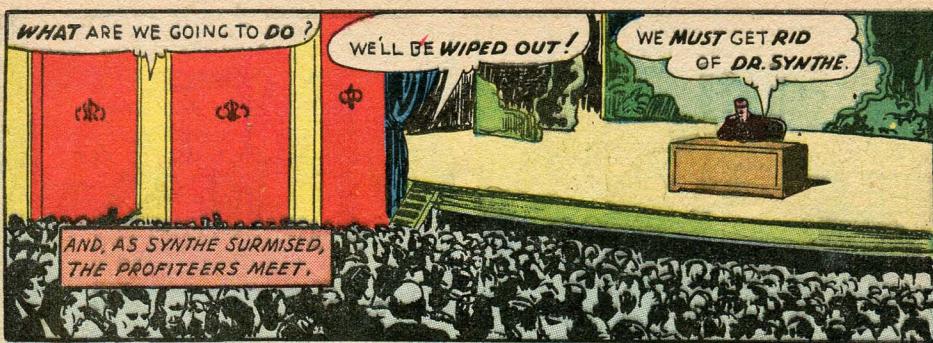
AS SYNTHES GESTURES, EACH KILLER
SEES THE OTHER AS SYNTHES.

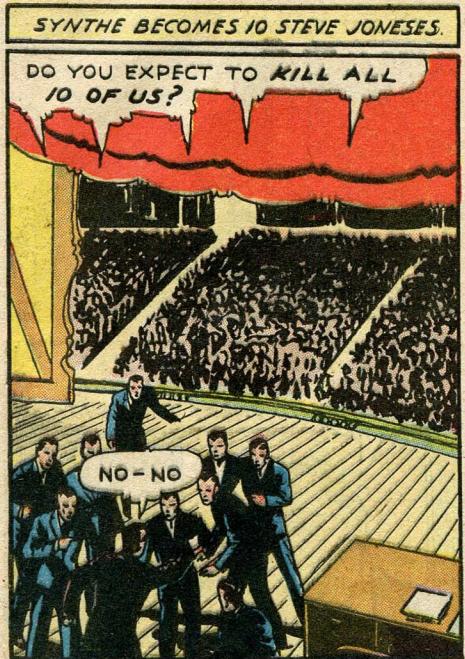
POETIC JUSTICE!



NOW I'LL GET THE FIEND BEHIND
THIS WHOLE SMELLY BUSINESS.
THOSE VULTURES WILL HOLD A
COUNCIL OF WAR—







TEN JONES, TEN GHOSTS, TEN,
GHOSTS - TEN - DR. SYNTHE!

LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE!

NOT SO -

SYNTHE APPEARS AS DR. SYNTHE.

HANDCUFFS MATERIALIZE ON
THE LEGS AND ARMS OF
THE PROFITEERS.

I'M NOT TAKING THIS RAP ALONE:

NDR 1!

CRIMINALS ALWAYS
TURN ON ONE
ANOTHER!

FAST!

POLICE? THIS IS DR. SYNTHE! THE
FOOD PROFITEERS ARE WAITING
AND READY TO TALK! THEY'RE AT-

HANDCUFFS!

WHERE?

LISTEN TO THAT!
ENOUGH TO HANG
THEM!

PROFITEERING, NOT TO
MENTION MURDER!

YOU
KILLED
HIM!

IT'S
YOUR IDEA!

THUS, A LITTLE
LATER.

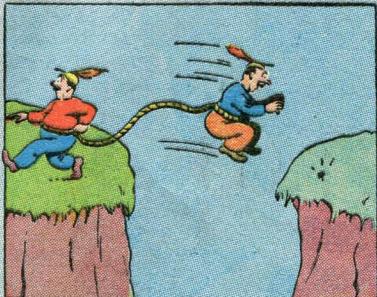
The Daily Tab
FOOD RACKET
SMASHED!

INDICT
79 MEN

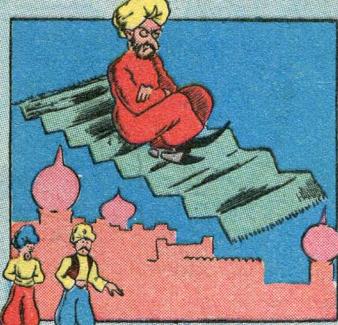
Taylor

CAT'S ON?

by
BILL BOYNANSKY

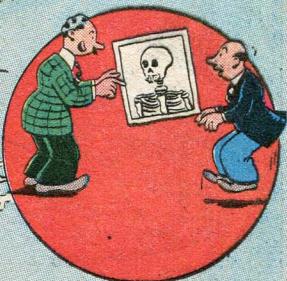


"OH BOY! A FOUR LEAF CLOVER!"



"HIS WIFE WAS USING IT FOR A STAIR CARPET!"

"I USED INFRA
RED FILM
INSTEAD!"



"THOSE OF YOU WHO HAVE BEEN BOthered
BY FLAT FEET, PLEASE RAISE THEIR HANDS!"

"ARE YOU SURE THAT
WAS FLASH POWDER?"



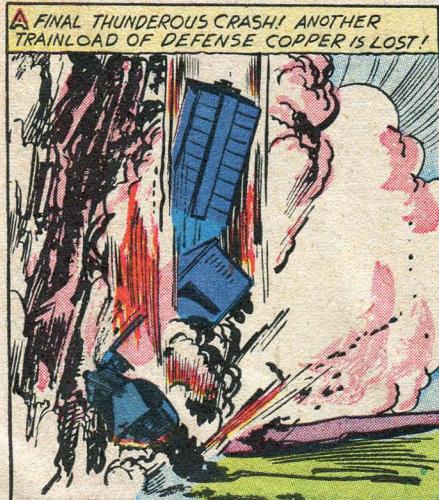
"DAD!"

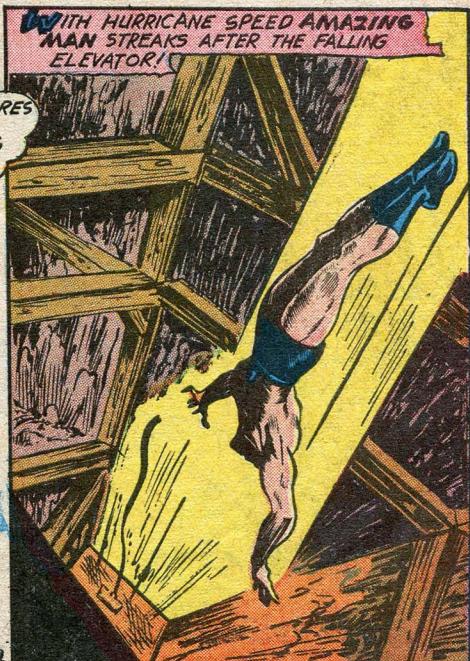
"SON!"

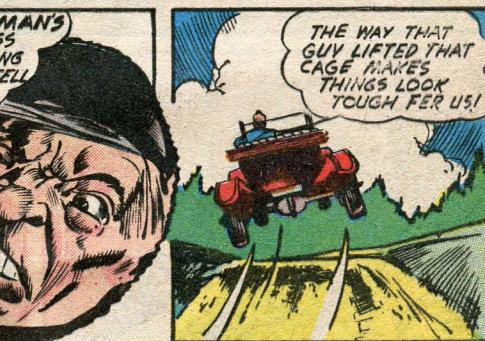


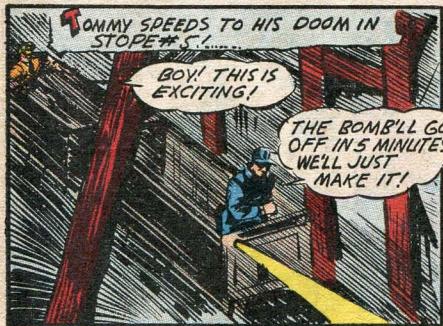
BILL
BOYNANSKY
41

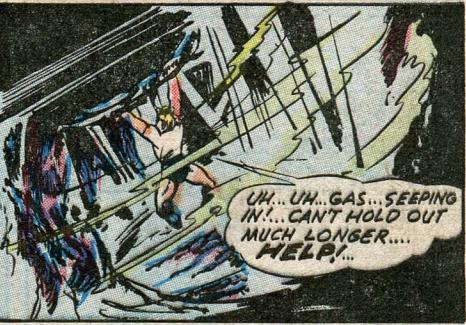
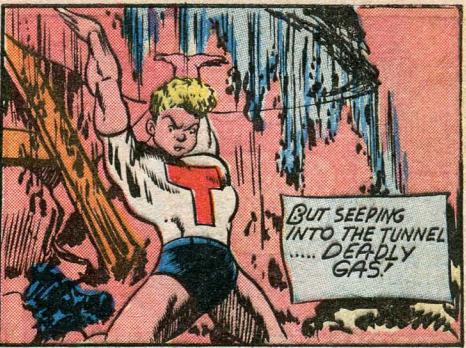
AMAZING MAN

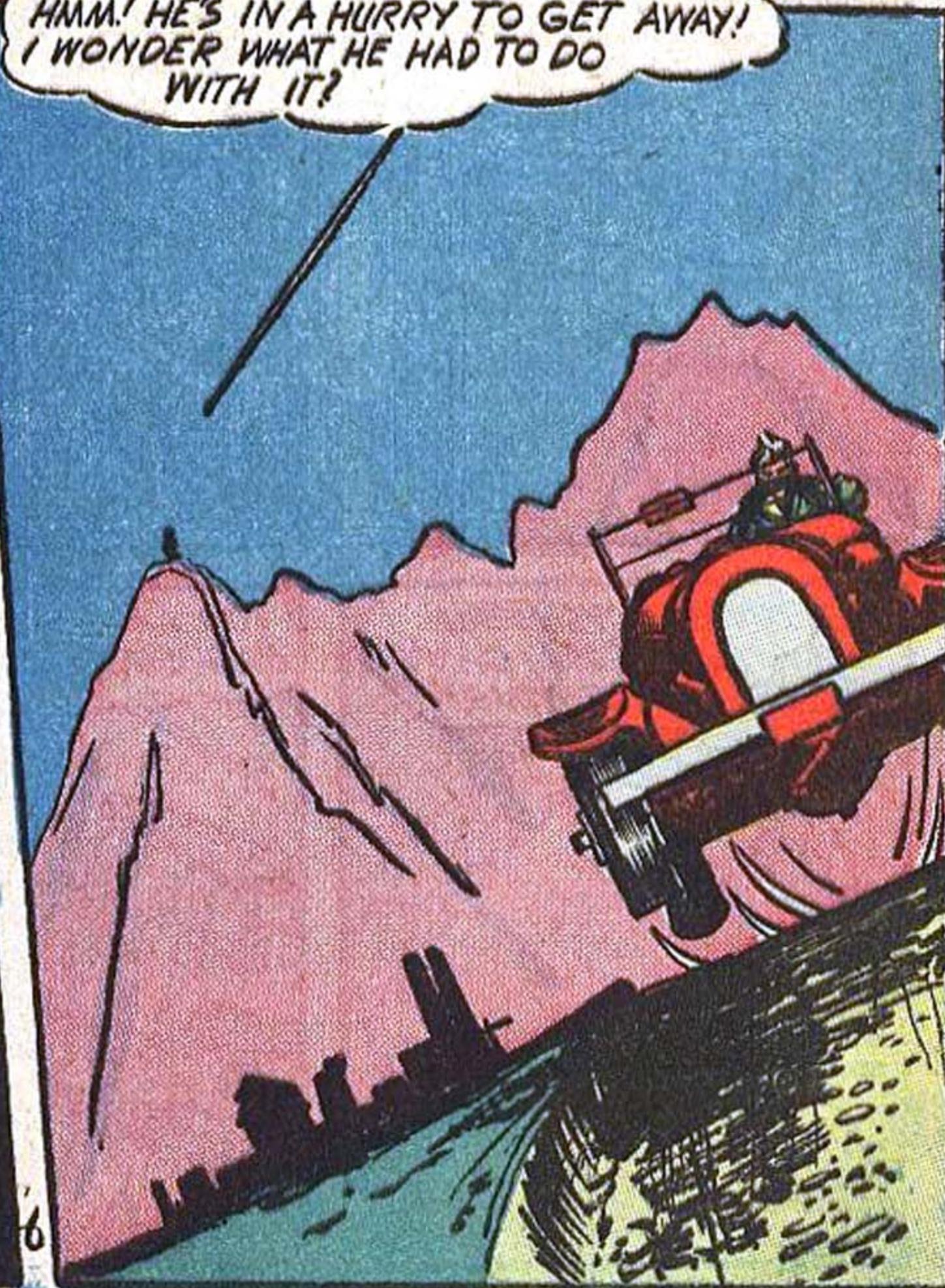
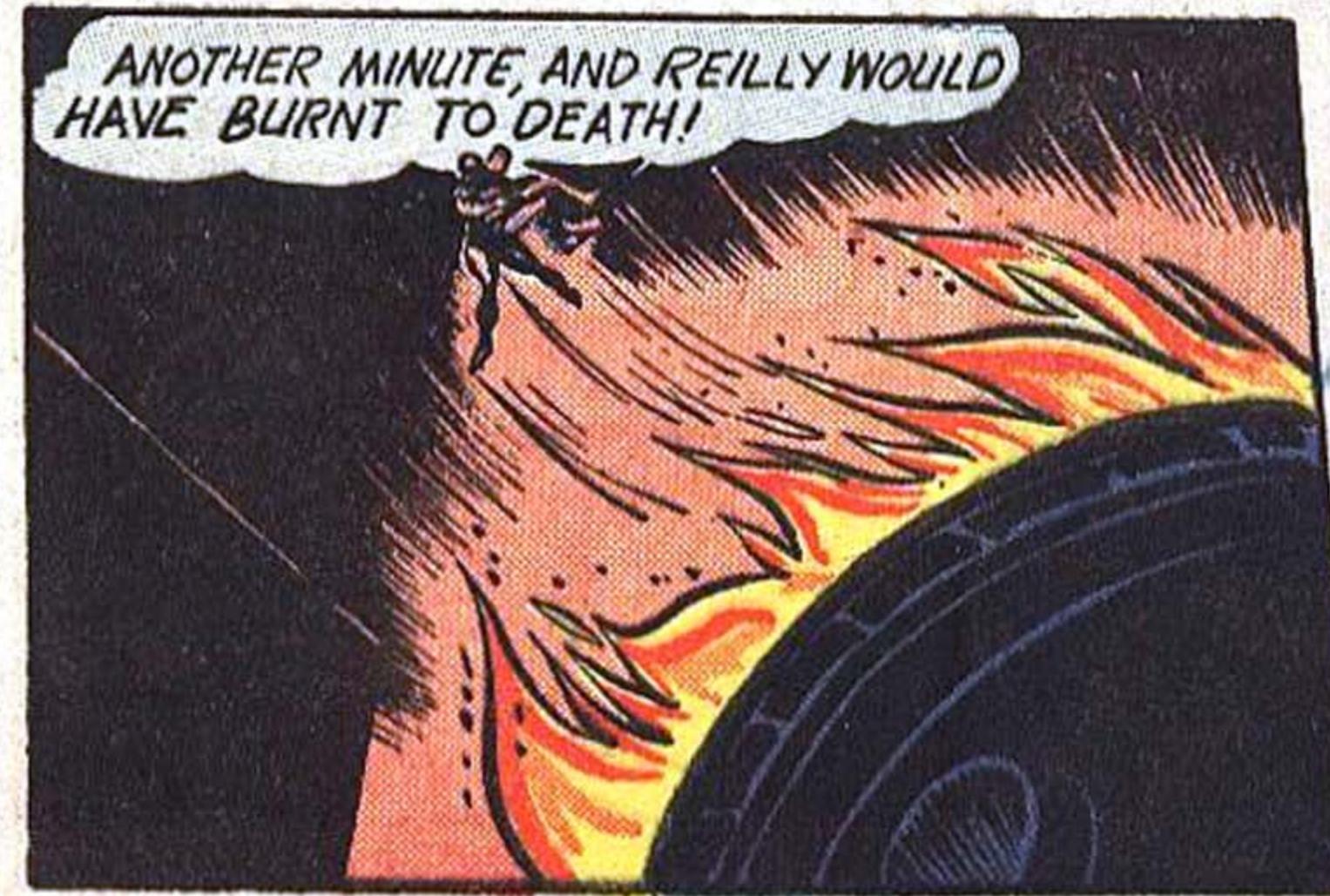
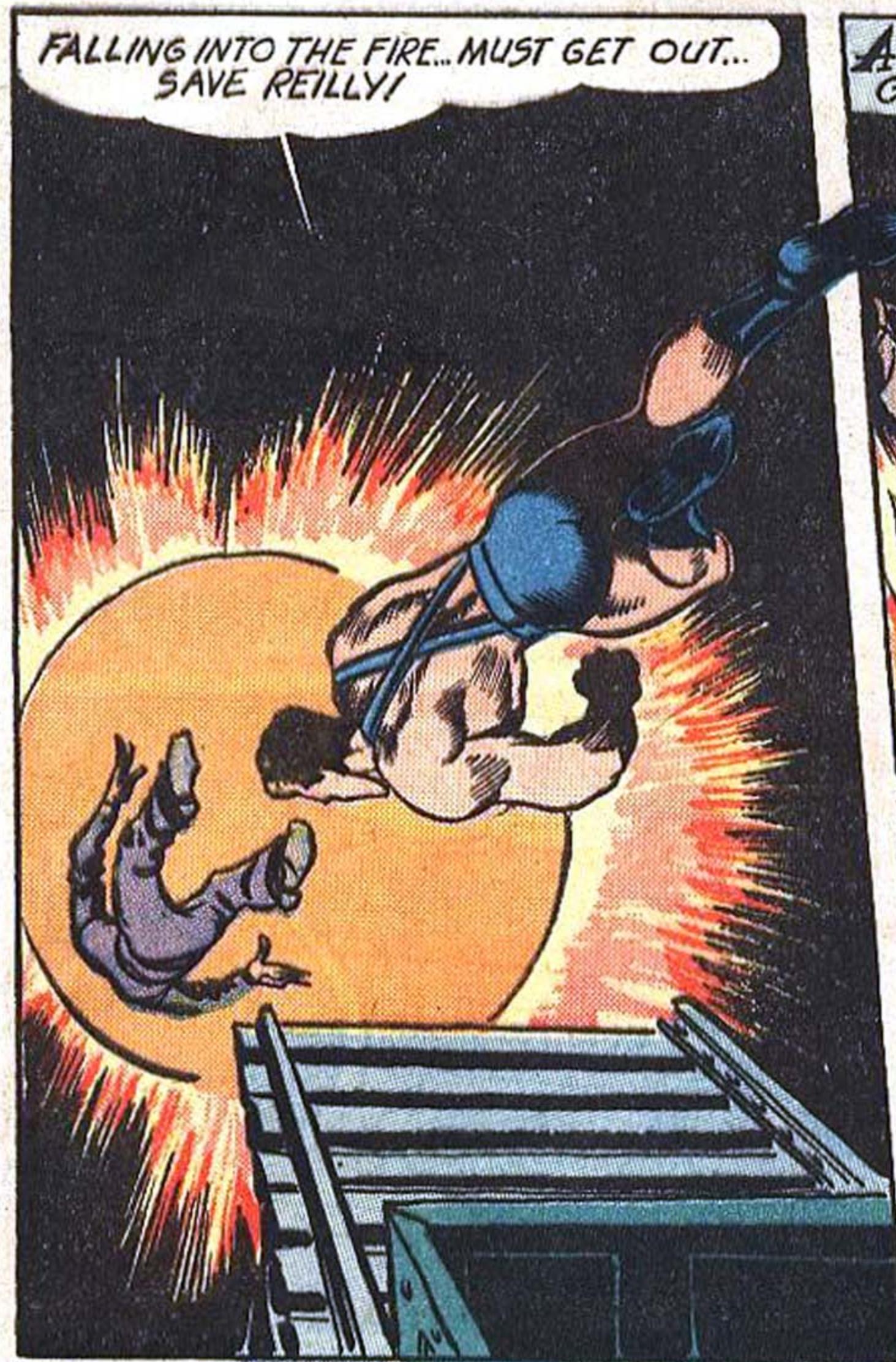
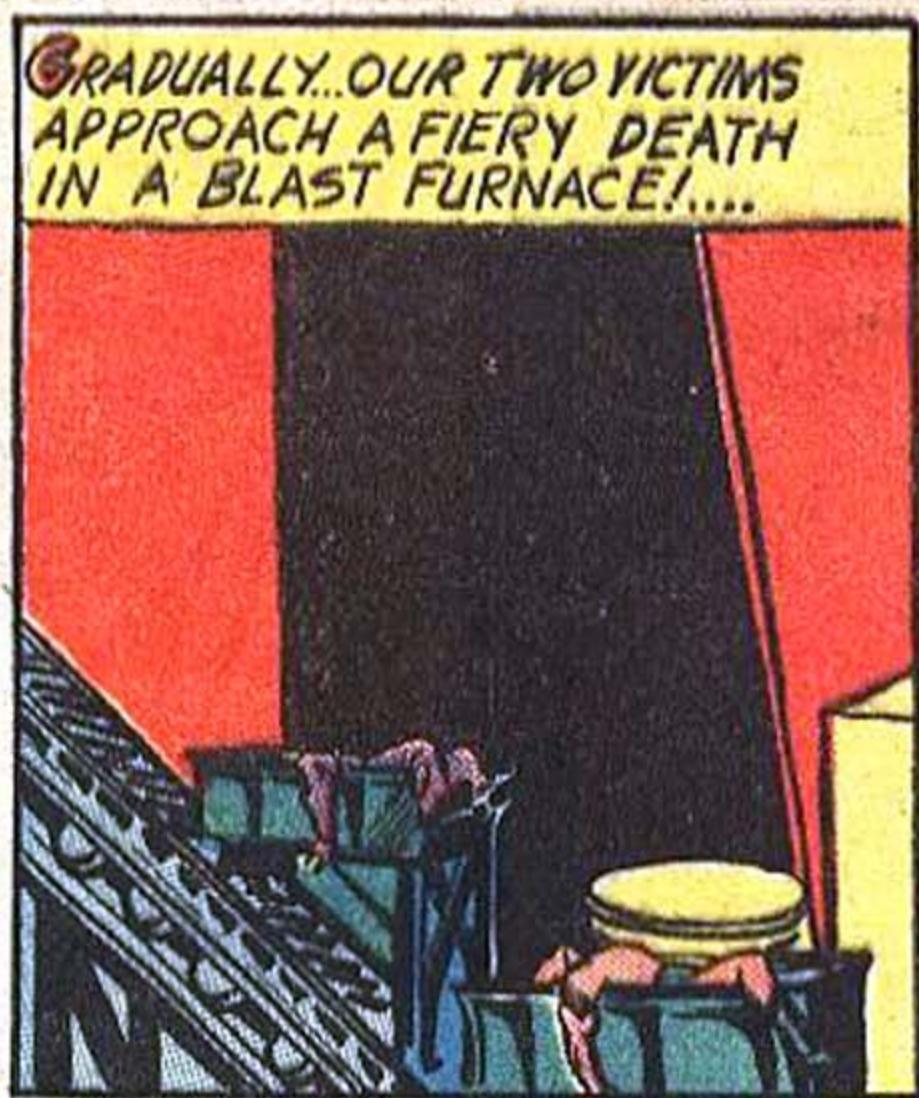


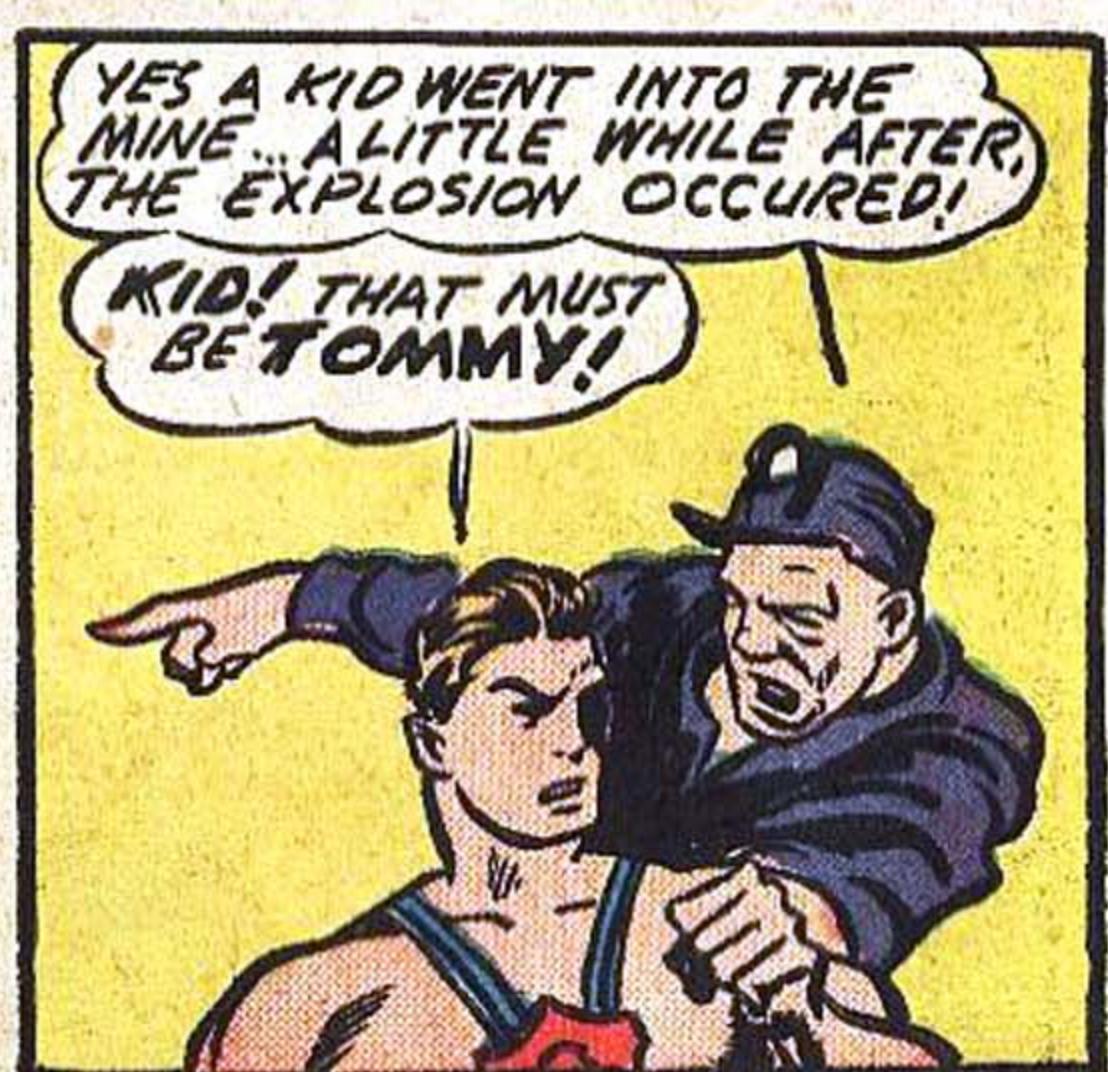
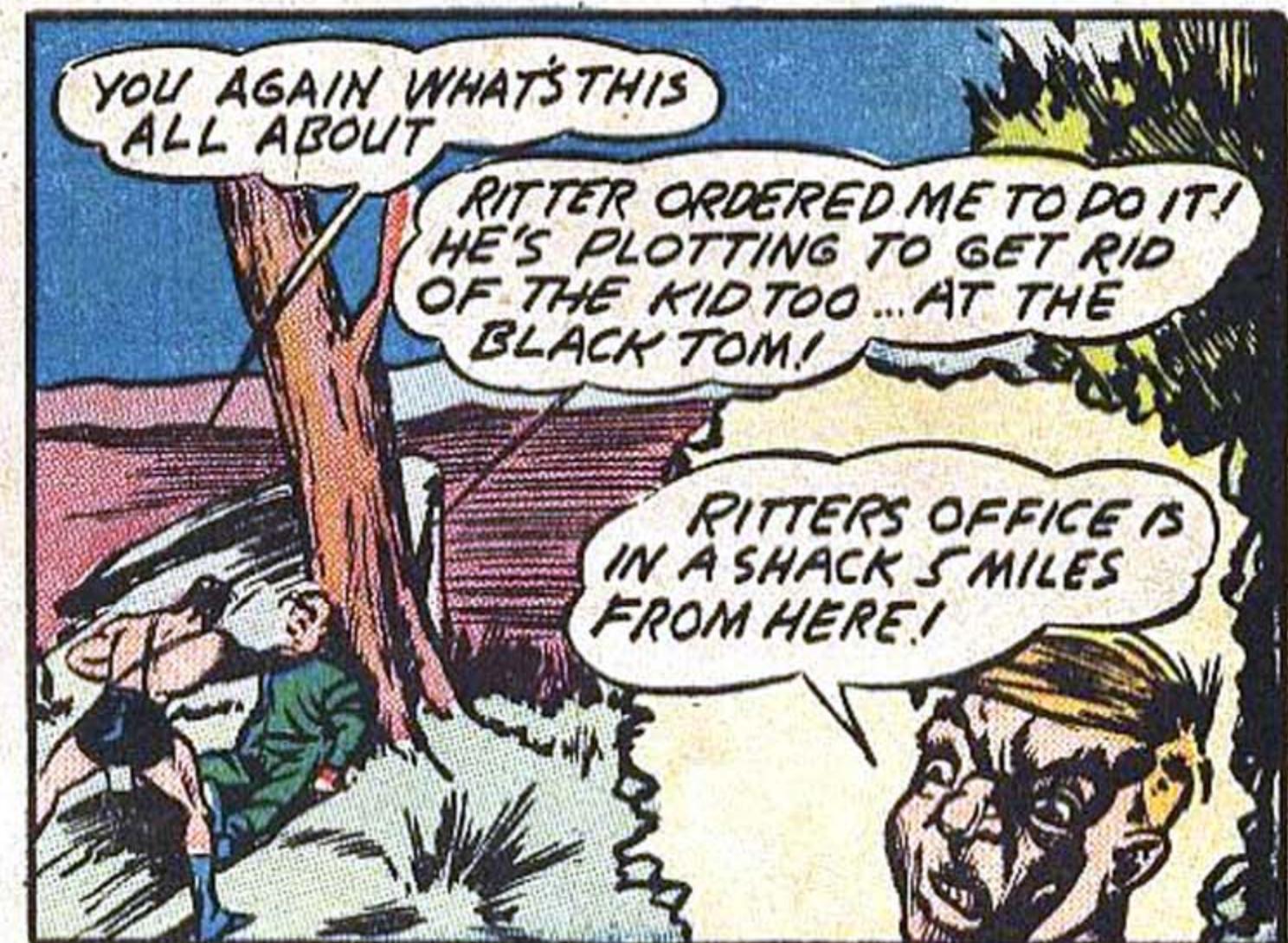
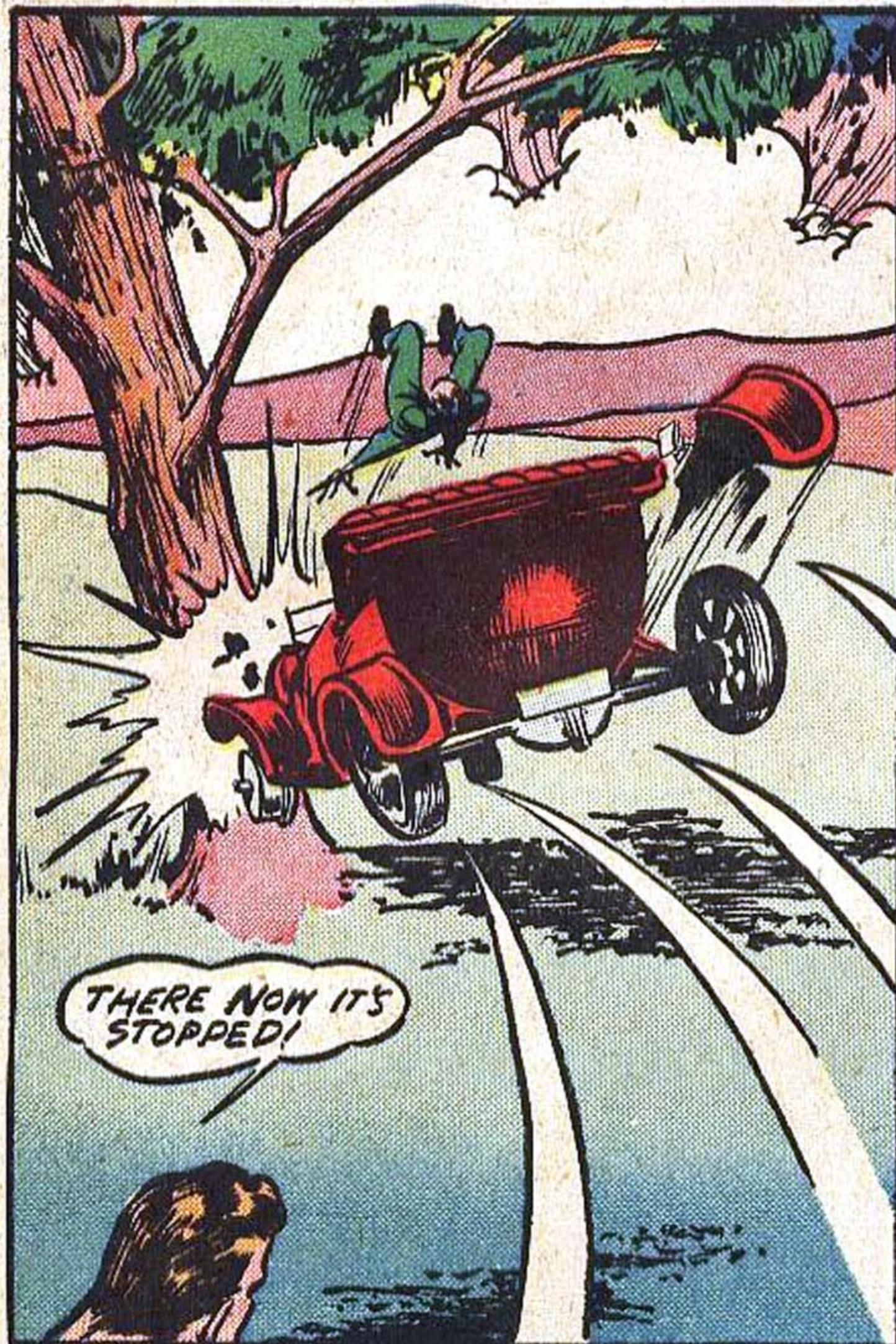
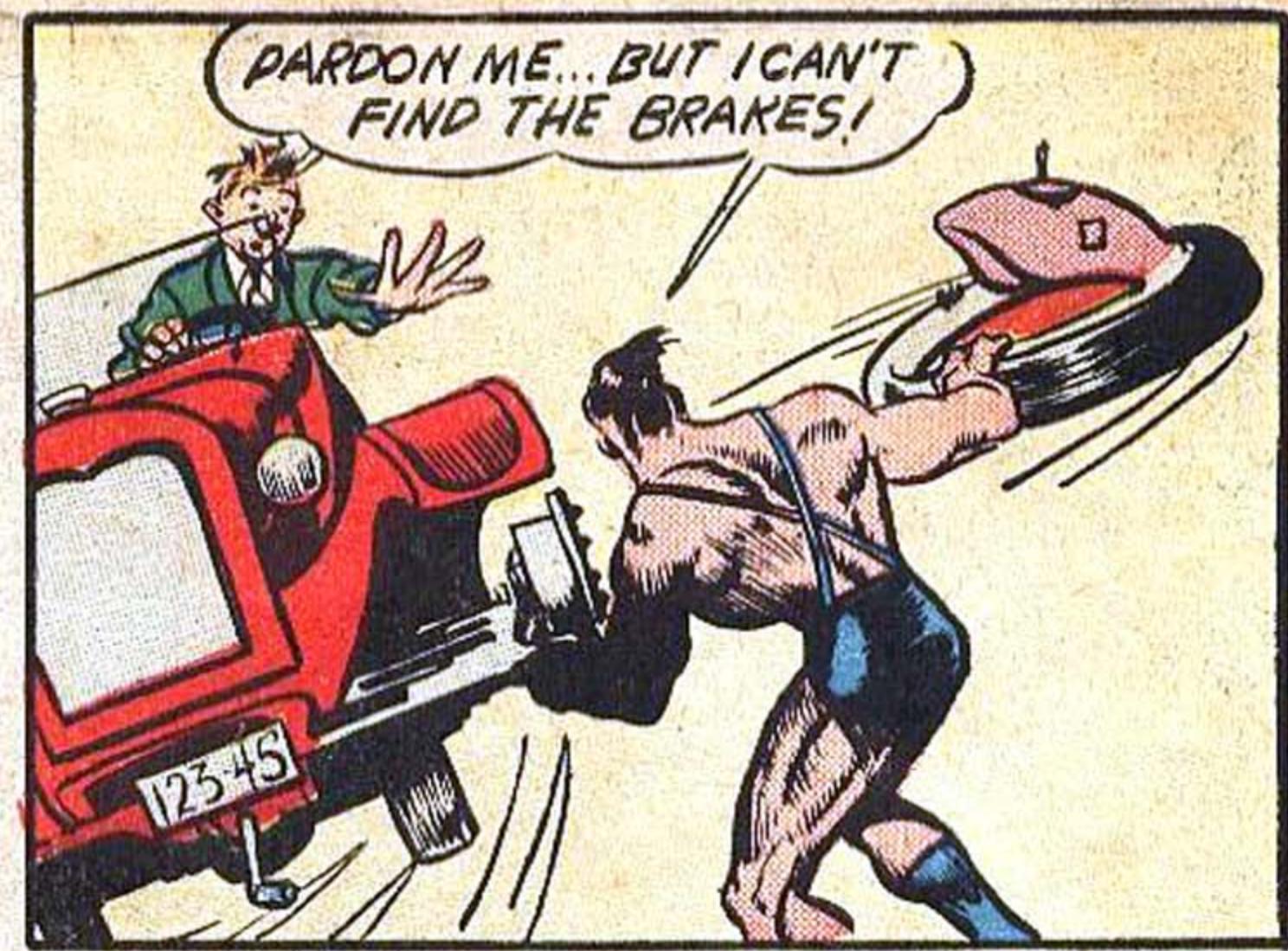
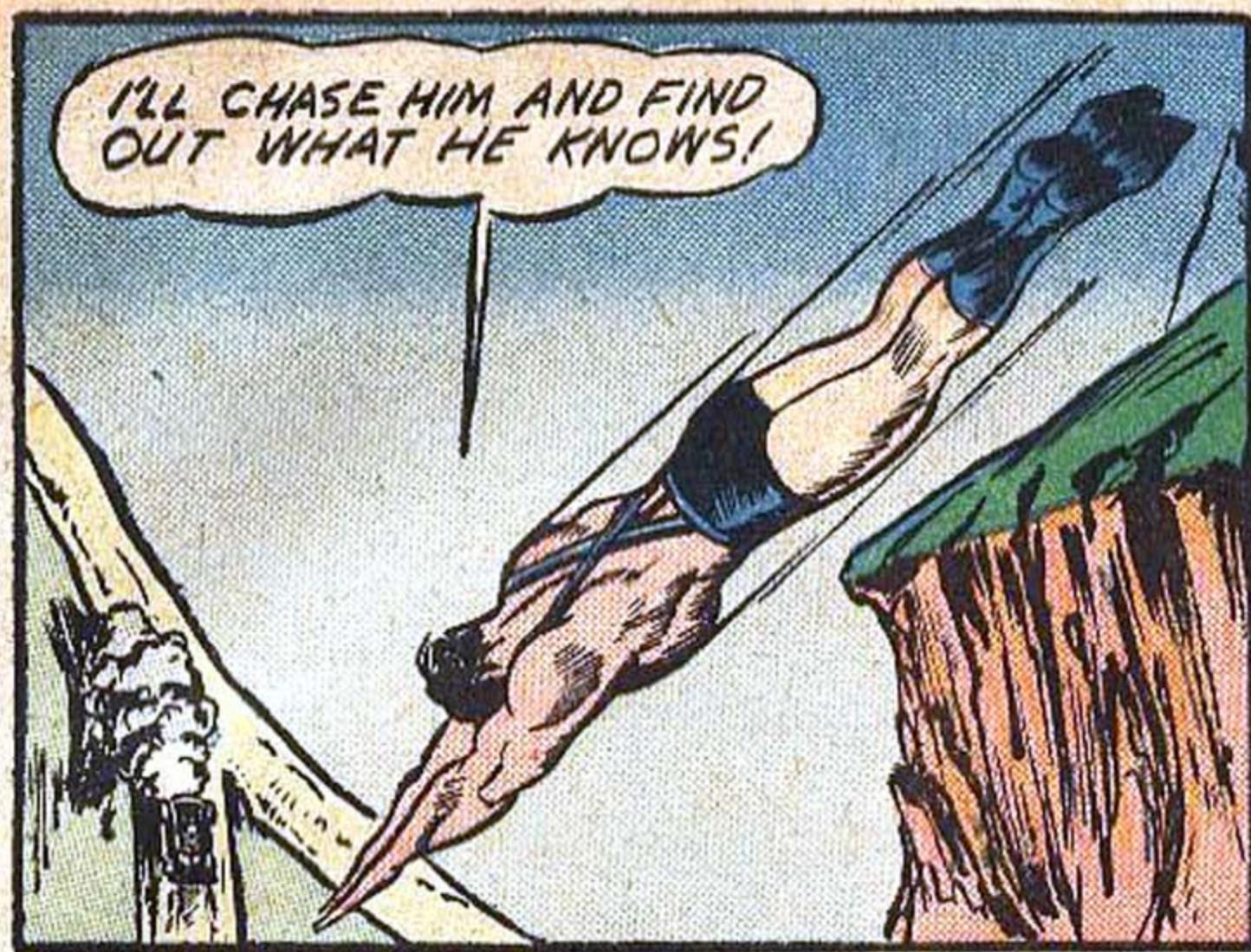


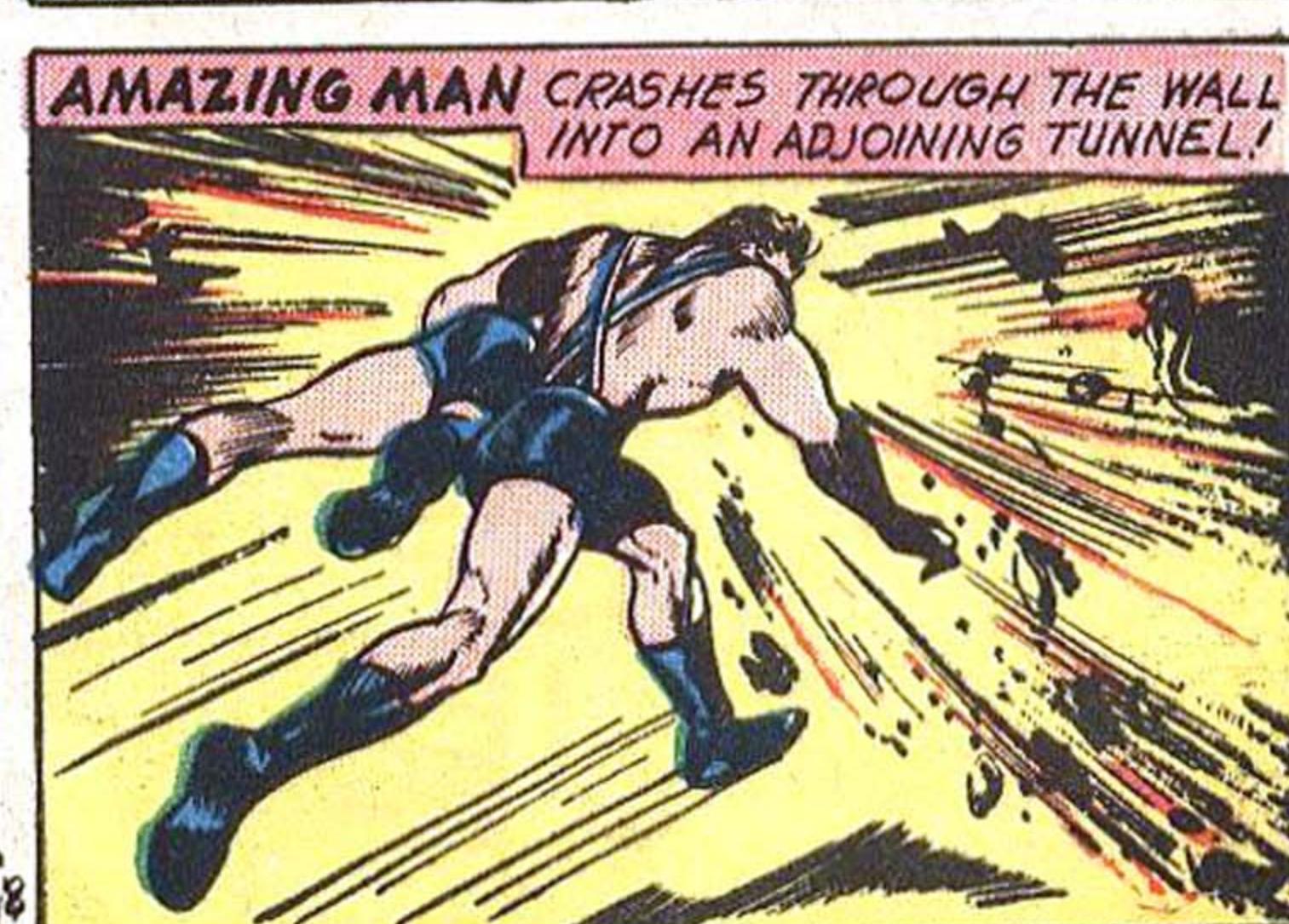
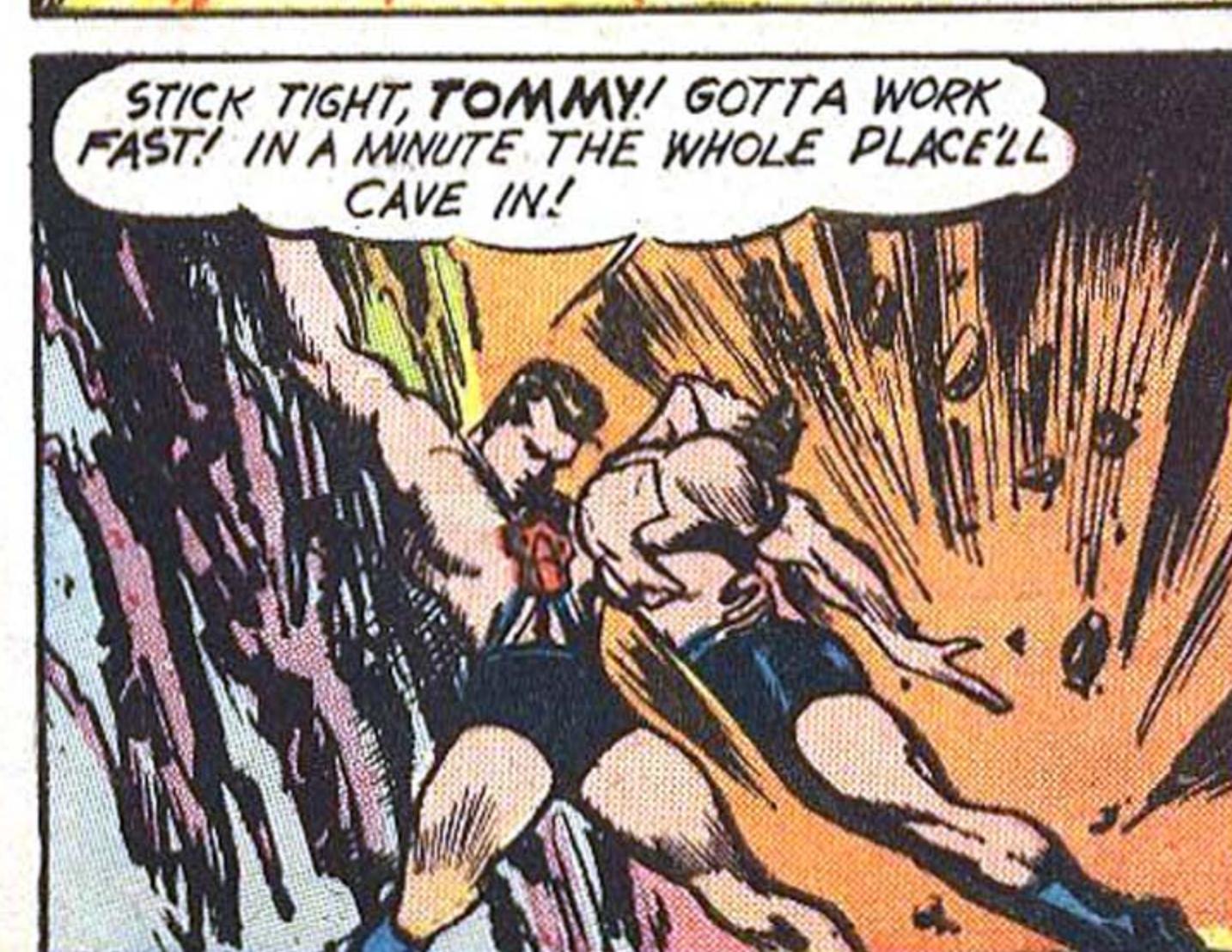
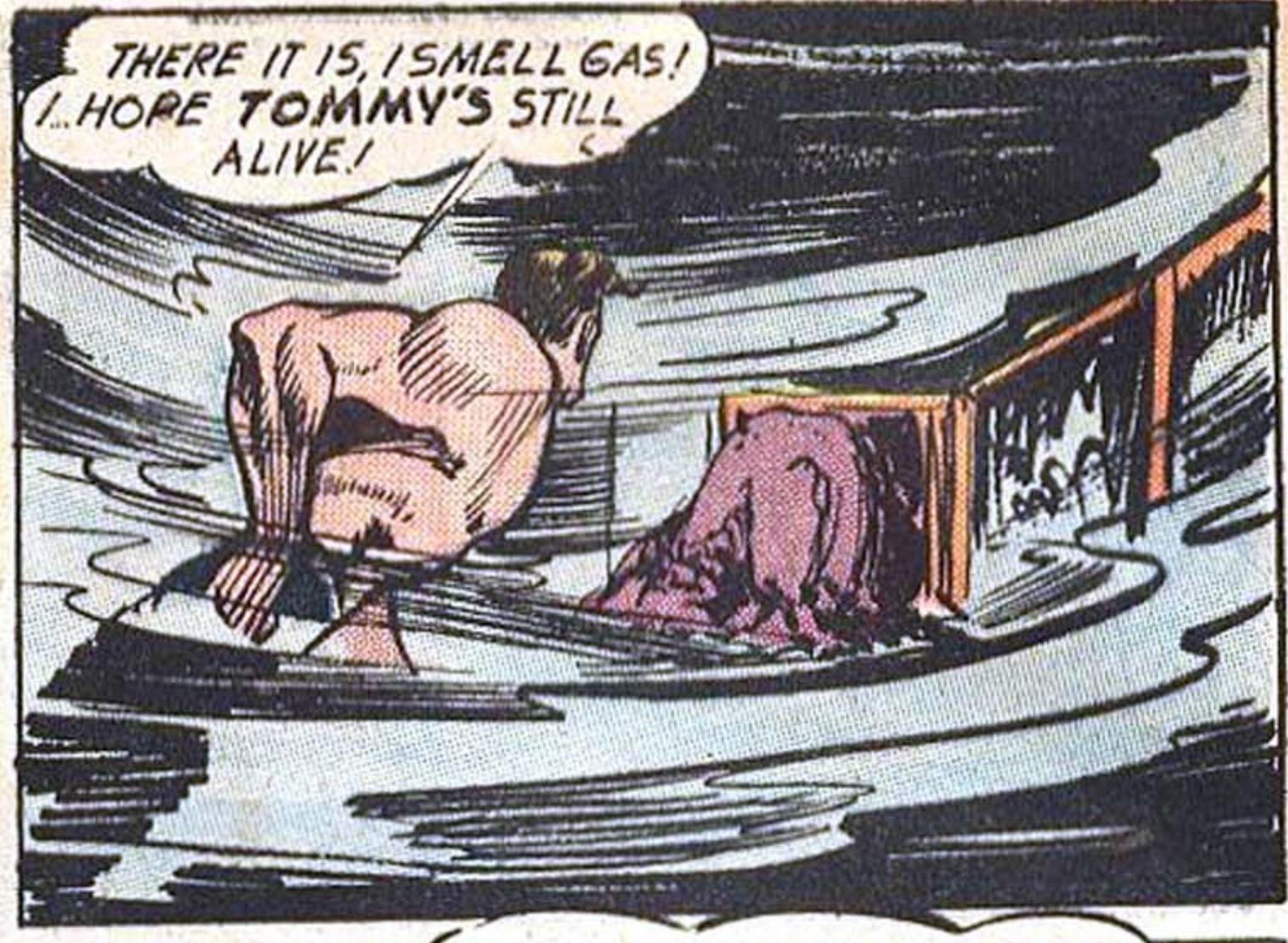
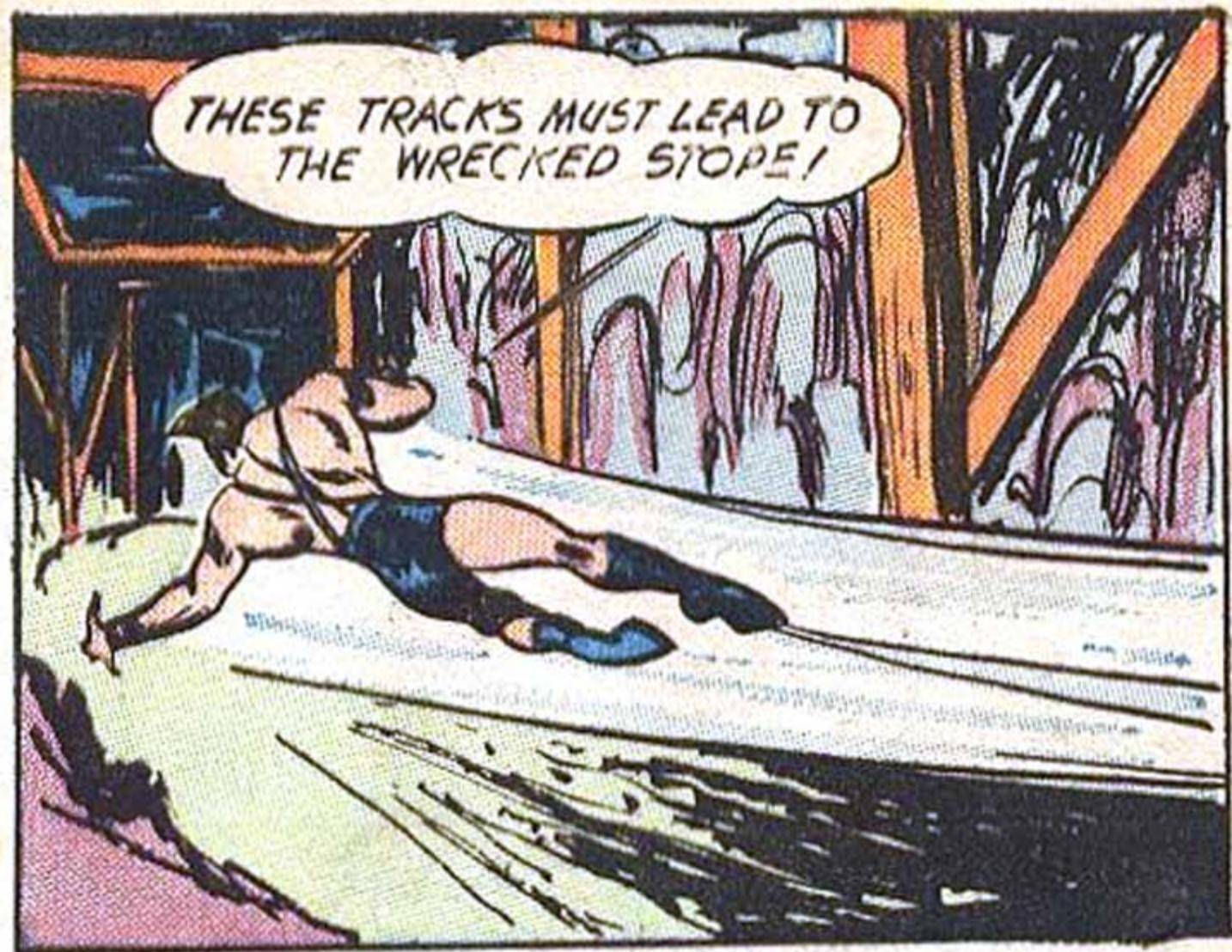


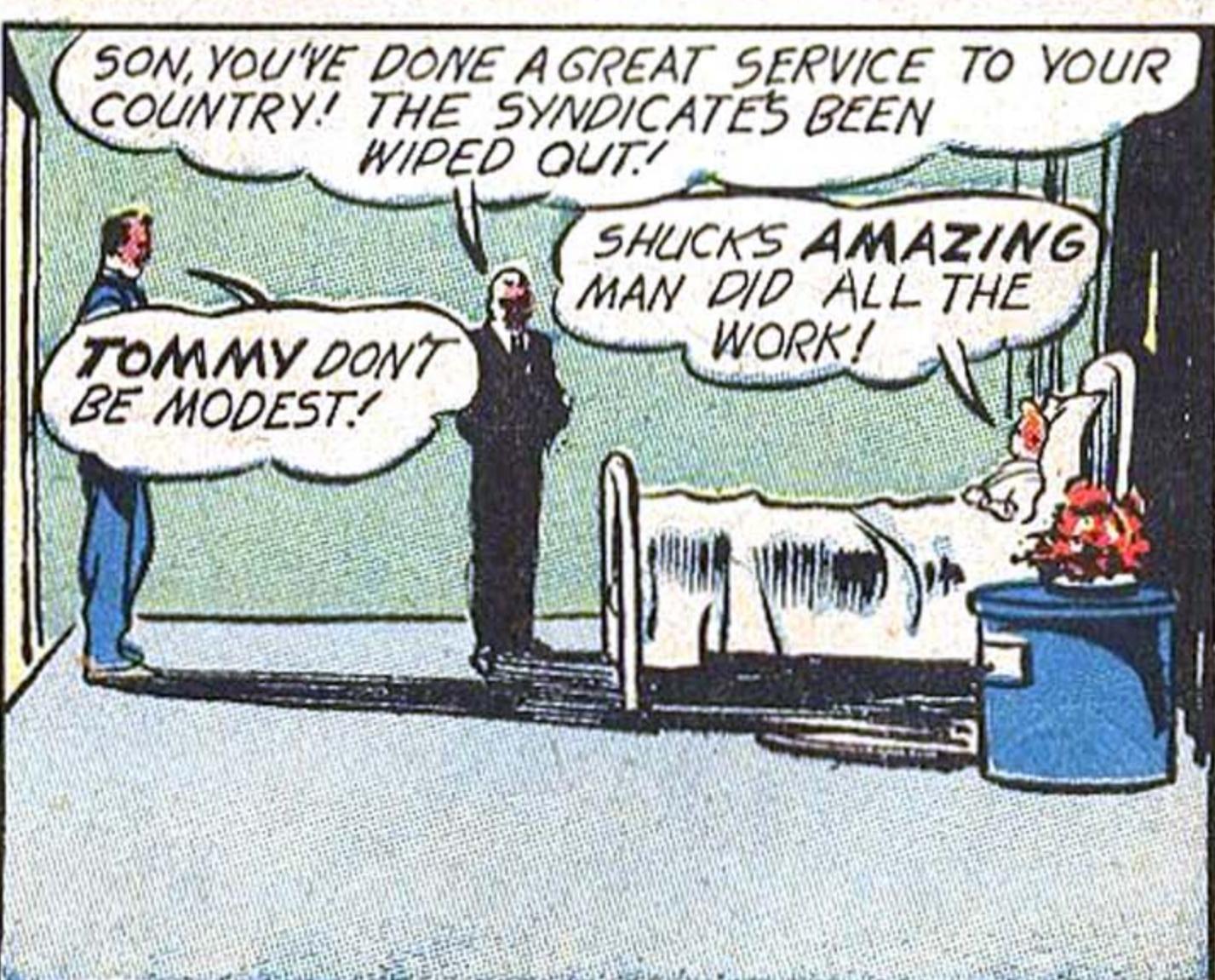
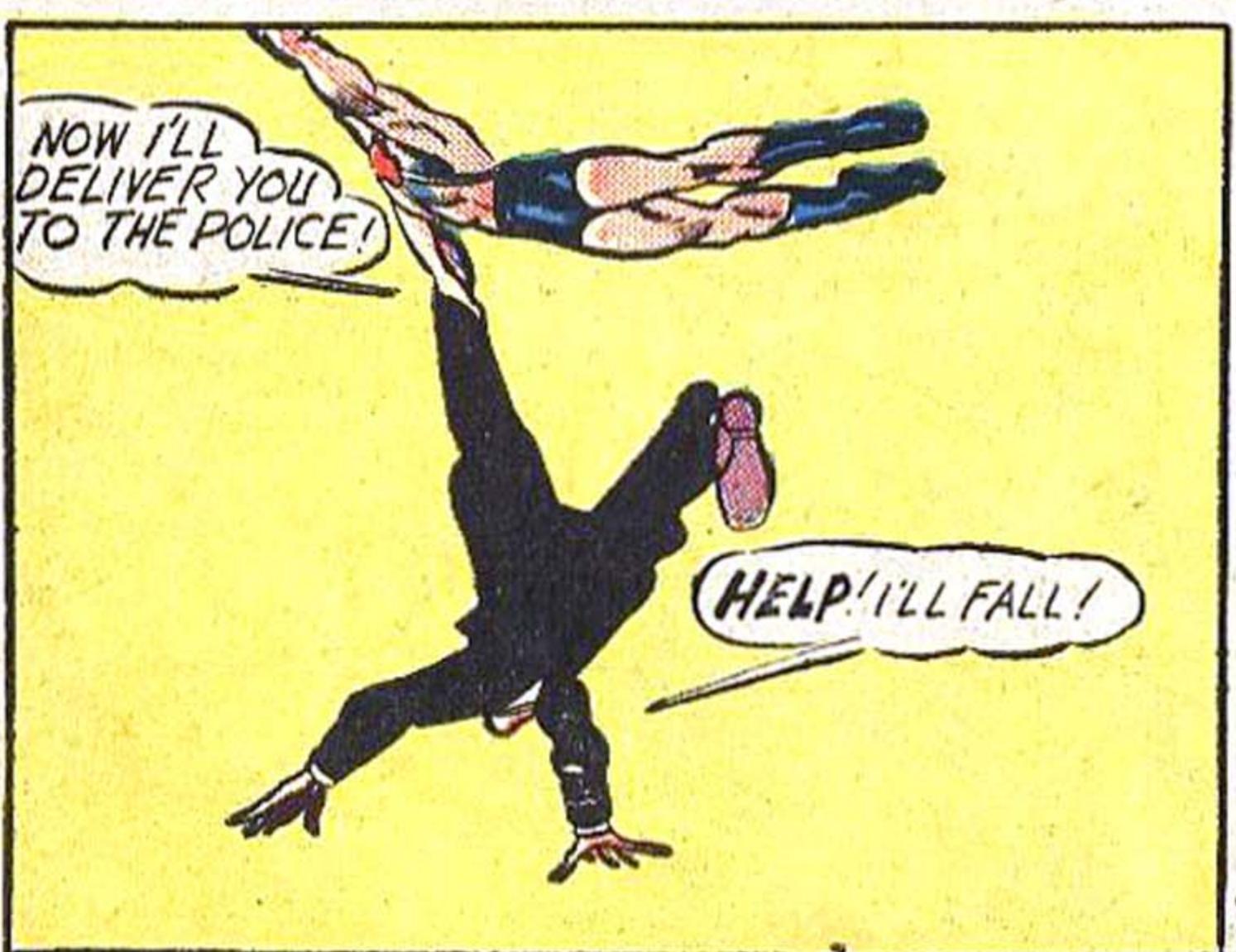
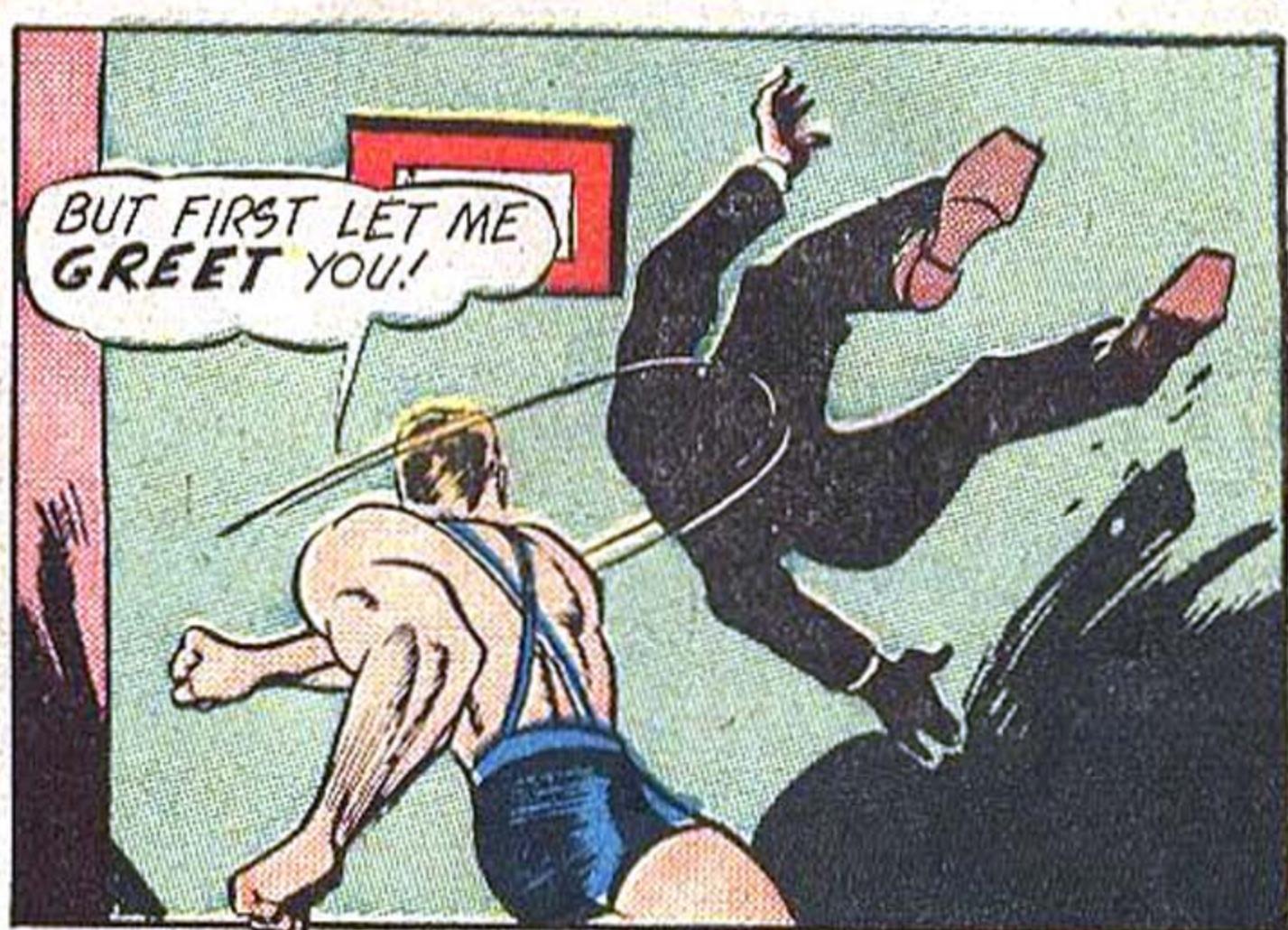
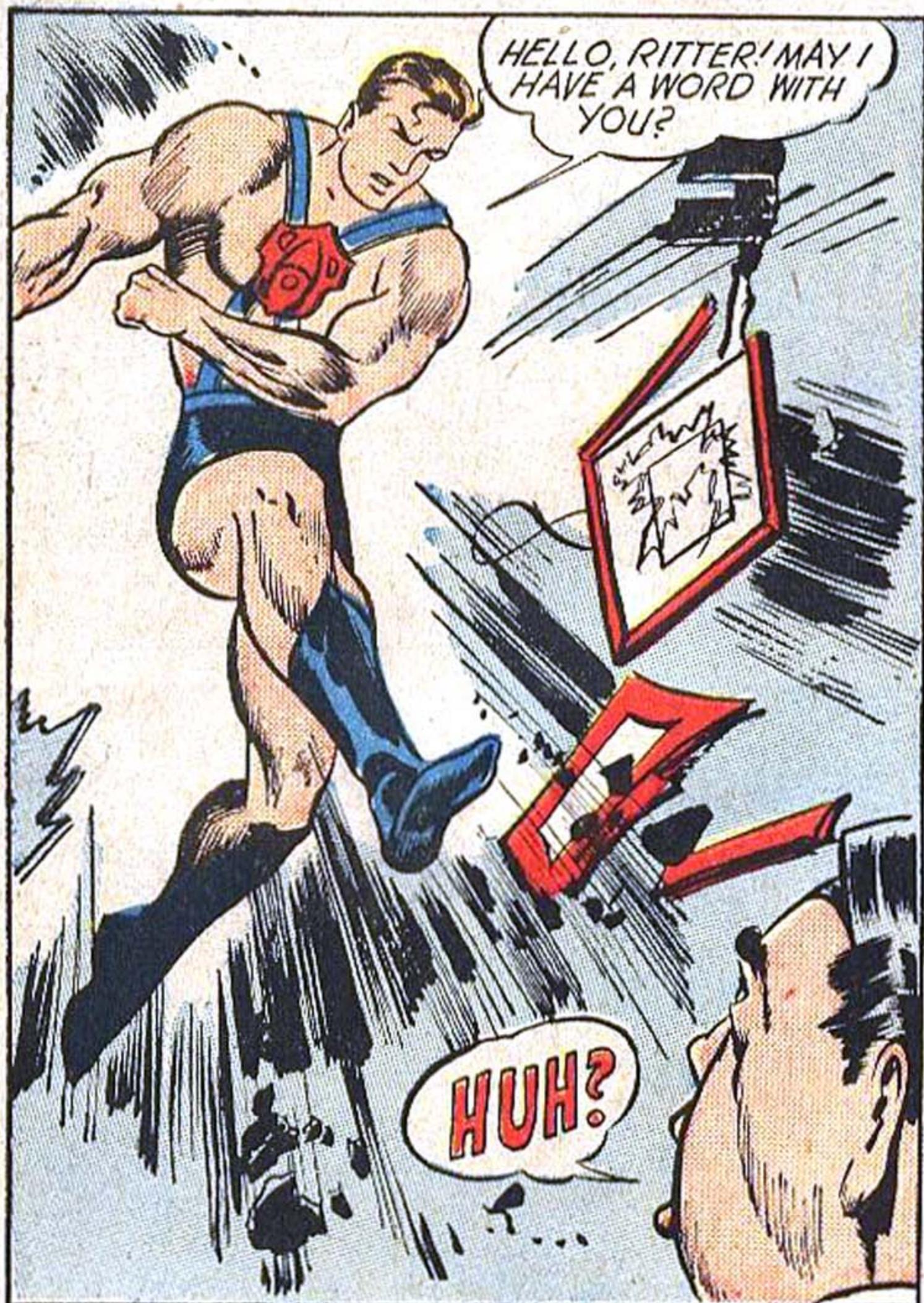
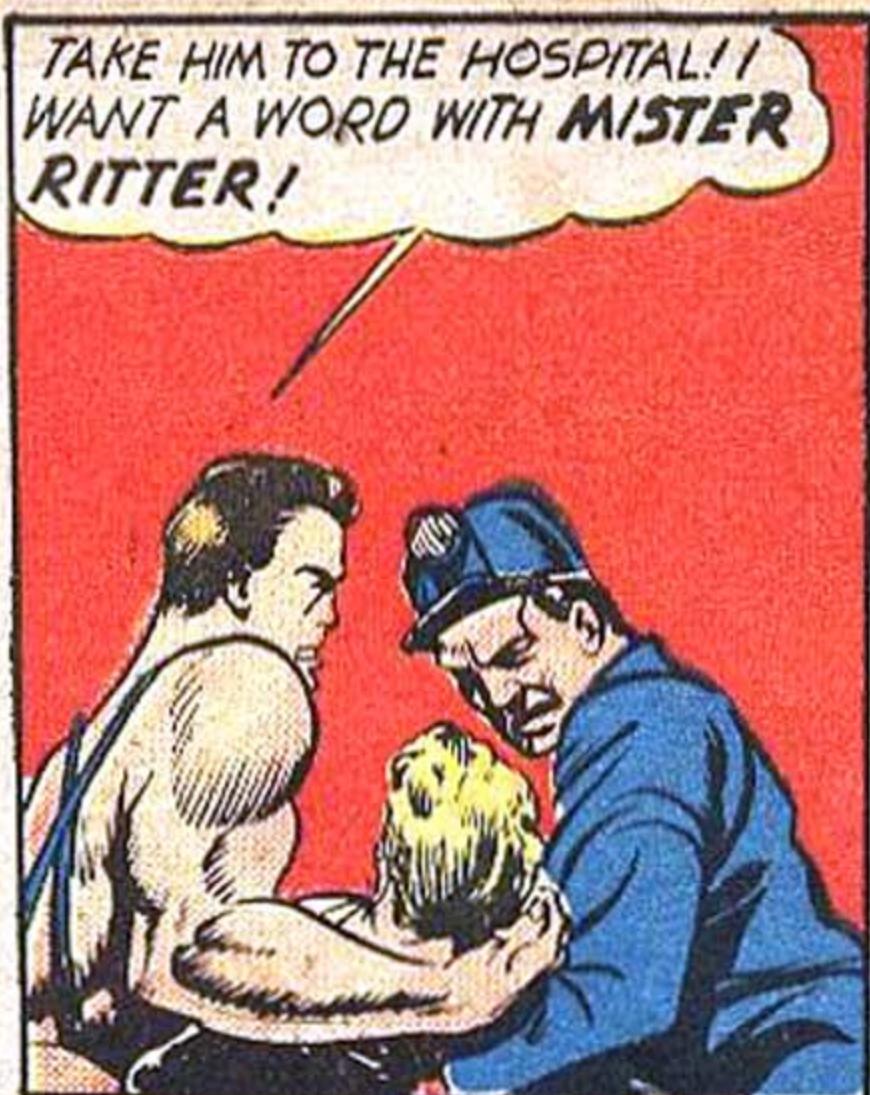












PRIZES! THEY'RE YOURS!



Sell only one order and get a beautiful WRIST WATCH. Styles for boys, girls, men and women.



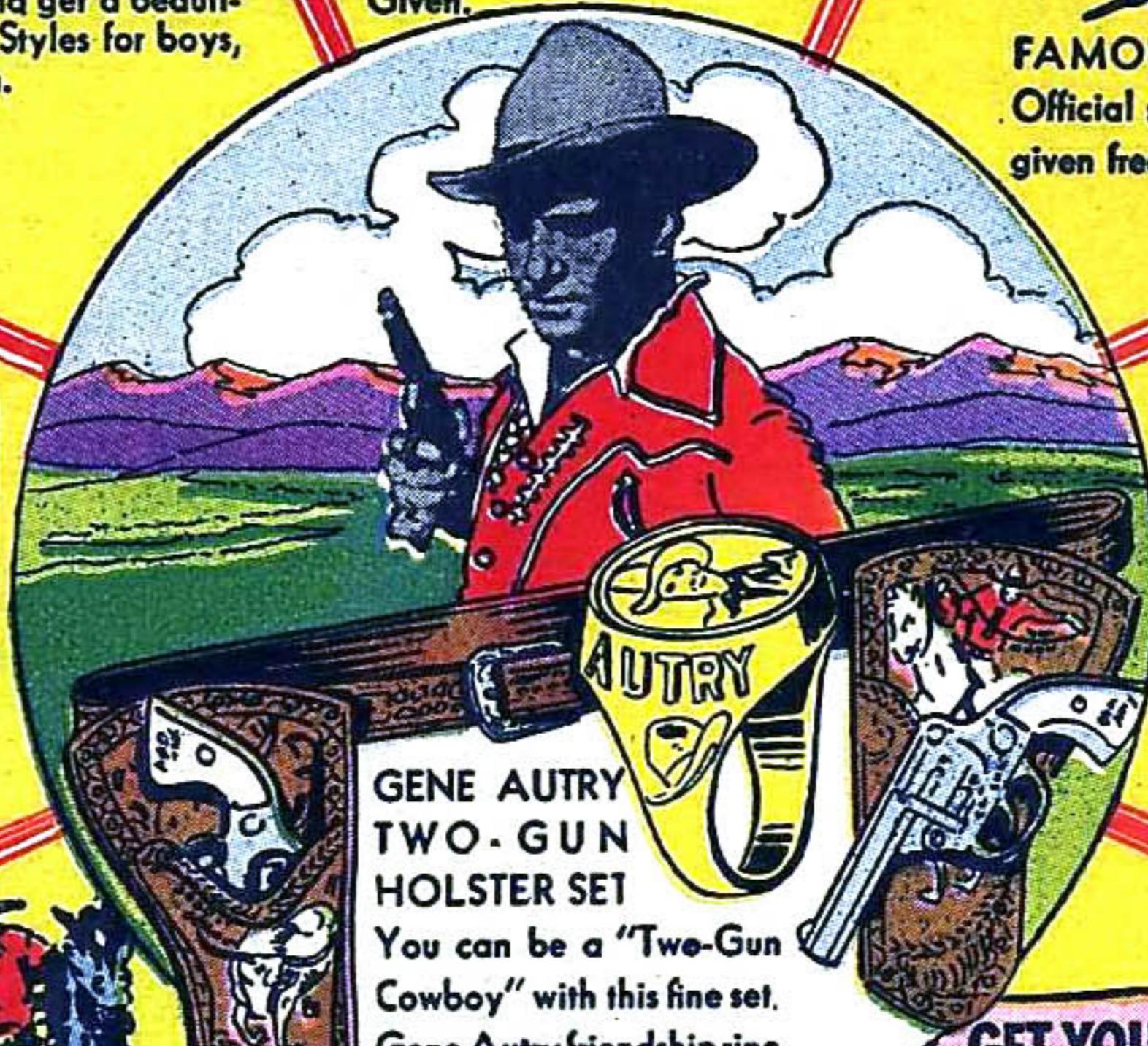
Two famous Model Airplane Sets.
BRITISH "SPITFIRE" and U.S. "AIRACOBRA." Both Given.



FAMOUS YALE FOOTBALL SET
Official size and weight. Pump given free.



MIDGET RADIO
Get this cute little radio for your room.



GENE AUTRY
TWO-GUN
HOLSTER SET

You can be a "Two-Gun Cowboy" with this fine set. Gene Autry friendship ring FREE.



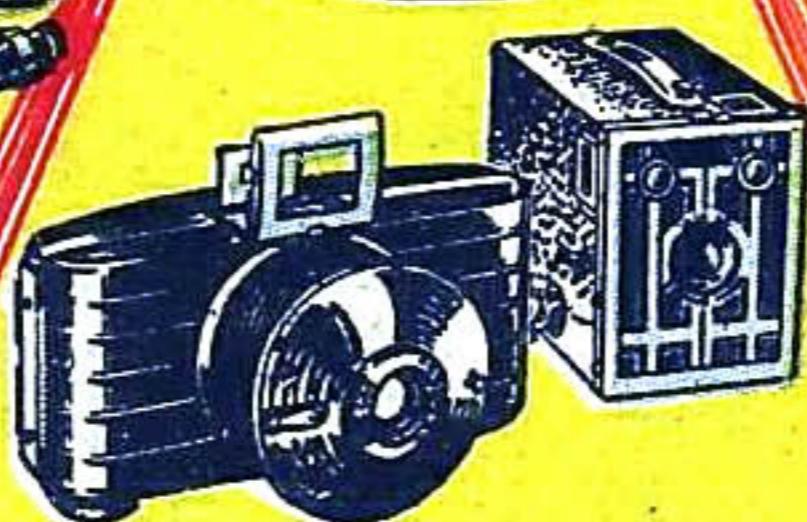
Girls! You'll love this full size TOILET & MANICURE SET for your dresser.



DAISY'S
RED
RYDER
CARBINE

Red Ryder licensed by Stephen Slesinger, Inc. New York

HEY
FELLOWS!
Get Daisy's swell RED RYDER CARBINE. A lightning-loading, fast-shooting, 1000 shot Air Rifle. A real he-man's gun. "Buck Jones" also given.



Your choice of genuine EASTMAN CAMERAS. Bullet or Brownie.

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

BOYS! GIRLS! Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes for yourself, and gifts for Mother and Dad — WITHOUT A CENT OF COST.

Any prize shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Catalog is GIVEN WITHOUT COST for selling 40 Xmas packs at 10c each. Each pack contains 96 sparkling Xmas seals in brilliant colors — a big value.

It's easy to sell these Xmas packs to your family, friends and neighbors. When sold, send us the \$4.00 collected and choose your prize. It is sent to you at once.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas packs and our Big Prize Catalog — tell us what prize you want. SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.
Dept. 609, Lancaster, Pa.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 609, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Catalog and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

Street Address
or R.F.D. Box _____

City _____

State _____



SONJA HENIE
ICE SKATES. Use Skates designed by this famous champion and movie star.

ELECTRIC ARMY SUPPLY TRAIN. Fast-moving Army Train, with real search-light, anti-aircraft gun and removable tank.



GENE
AUTRY
GUITAR.
Full size,
full tone,
decorated
with western
scene and Gene
Autry's
signature.